

# The Saturday Review



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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES . . . . .	281	MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES :		A £250 Prize Offered. By Arthur M. Smith . . . . .	295
LEADING ARTICLES :		Mr. De Lara's "Moína" at Monte Carlo. By J. F. R. . . . .	288	REVIEWS :	
A Nation of Consumers . . . . .	284	Shakespeare in Manchester. By G. B. S. . . . .	290	Mr. Hardy's New Novel . . . . .	296
Professor Sylvester . . . . .	285	MONEY MATTERS . . . . .	291	Virgil in English Hexameters. By J. Churton Collins . . . . .	297
The Grievances of the Outlanders.—IV. The Drink Question . . . . .	285	New Issues, &c. — Trafford Park Estates; Hearl & Tonks; Hanman's Cycle and Needle Company; Ridler's and Lowestoft Hotels; Wampach's Hotel . . . . .	292	Something New from Africa . . . . .	298
SPECIAL ARTICLES :		CORRESPONDENCE :		The Gases of the Atmosphere . . . . .	300
Russia's Advance in the Far East. By Holt S. Hallett . . . . .	286	Mr. Lippert and the Dynamite Concession. By E. Lippert and the Editor . . . . .	294	Fiction . . . . .	300
The Demerara Boatman. By J. Rodway . . . . .	287			Classical Books . . . . .	301
				New Books and Reprints . . . . .	302
				This Week's Books . . . . .	303
				ADVERTISEMENTS . . . . .	303—312

## NOTES.

EVERY one knew that Mr. Gladstone was incorrigible, but his pamphlet-letter to the Duke of Westminster published to-day (Friday) by Mr. John Murray is eminently calculated to damage still further what we may be pardoned for calling in his own words his "rent and ragged" reputation. It is one of the few merits of his statesmanship that he was among the first to attack the Turkish "régime" and to induce Britons to look upon Russia rather as a friend and ally than as an enemy. But no sooner has Lord Salisbury professed himself a convert to this view, no sooner has the Conservative party abandoned its traditional policy in favour of Gladstone's policy, than Mr. Gladstone wheels round and seizes this most critical moment in European affairs to insult the Russian Emperor. Here are his words: "As to the notion that Greece is to be coerced and punished, I hardly like to sully the page on which I write by the mention of an alternative so detestable. It would be about as rational to transport the Greek nation (who are in this as one man) to Siberia by what I believe is called an 'administrative order.' If any one has such a scheme of policy to propose, I advise his proposing it anywhere rather than in England." The insult at this crisis is unpardonable, and the smug suburbanism of the last sentence makes one's cheeks hot.

One of the finest things done by any Prime Minister in our time was the compliment paid to MM. Hanotaux and Méline by Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords. Lord Salisbury was being pressed by Lord Kimberley to declare his policy in regard to Crete, and he replied by referring his questioner to the admirable speeches on the subject made by M. Hanotaux and M. Méline. The correspondents in the daily Press have since told us how highly this graceful compliment was appreciated in Paris. A few more of such proofs of sympathy and Lord Salisbury would win France to cordial friendship with us instead of the scarcely veiled hostility that has hampered us in every quarter of the globe since we occupied Egypt. Plainly, too, the compliment was valuable just because it was unprecedented; it was a rare and probably a singular distinction, and this was enough to excite the ire of the doughty Knight of Malwood.

Speaking at a meeting of the National Liberal Federation at Norwich, Sir William Harcourt attacked this answer of Lord Salisbury with unmeasured abuse. "Sir," he thundered with whipped-up indignation, "in my opinion no such disgraceful answer was ever before given by a British Minister to a British Parliament. It was a piece of cynical impertinence of which there is no example." And on Thursday night in the House of Commons Sir William Harcourt re-

turned to the charge. "Such an answer" he regards as "an insult to Parliament." It was manifestly intended not as an insult to Parliament, but as a compliment to France, and as such it has had its use. But nothing will satisfy this accursed party spirit. The Liberals have been preaching for years that we should conciliate Russia and France and act with these two Powers rather than with Germany and Austria, and as soon as the Conservatives adopt this policy Mr. Gladstone insults the Emperor of Russia, and Sir William Harcourt declares that an innocent compliment to MM. Hanotaux and Méline is "an insult to Parliament."

We regret the more that Sir William Harcourt should have condescended to this cheap abuse because his speech at Norwich was an exceedingly able and instructive speech. The Government finance has not been fortunate; the dole of two millions to the agricultural interest did go "to those who wanted it least," and the Education Bills of the Government lend themselves to accusations of unfairness which should have been avoided. A Government with an immense majority should not have brought in a one-sided and half measure. So far we went with Sir William Harcourt, and we were forced to admit also that he chaffed the Tory leaders admirably; Mr. Balfour's "fluid" method of educating the poor was made fun of, and Mr. George Curzon characterized as "that halcyon of peace" made one laugh in spite of oneself. But when Sir William talked about Crete and encouraged Greece to resist the mandate of the Powers he talked mischievous nonsense, and when he spoke of Lord Salisbury's compliment to the French leaders as "humiliating to a nation" he becomes ridiculously absurd.

We have always flattered ourselves that the public opinion of Great Britain was a "grown-up" public opinion, and in this differed from the public opinion on political matters of all other peoples. When the Americans howl and bully over a few miles of swamp in Venezuela, or the Germans beg their Warlord to put an end to the impudent pretensions of the nation of shopkeepers, or when France vapours about Siam or the back-blocks of the Niger as if these countries were a part of Provence, we can only smile as at the antics of children: these nations are not adults; their public opinion is not sober and reasonable as is that of a grown-up man. But recently there are signs of hysteria in Great Britain which certainly should be suppressed. It is bad enough for a paper with the position of the "Daily Chronicle" to shriek and wring its hands over Crete and denounce the coercion of Greece by the Powers as the unforgivable sin; but when a Minister of the Crown of the standing of Lord George Hamilton attacks a newspaper correspondent as if he were a diplomatist the time has come

for speaking out. The "Daily Chronicle" and its Correspondent at Washington did more to render the Arbitration Treaty possible than any other single influence, and Lord George Hamilton's attack showed not only want of knowledge, but want of dignity.

The evidence given before the South African Committee by the Hon. Mr. Schreiner, late Attorney-General for the Cape, has been severely criticized by organs like the "Globe," and has not been defended in any quarter. This surprises us, for Mr. Schreiner stands almost exactly half-way between the two forces of English and Dutch opinion in South Africa, and therefore deserves to be listened to with attention. He has taken up his position with exceeding care in view of the wide possibilities of the future. He is an opportunist by the conviction of self-interest. He will praise you Mr. Rhodes in one breath for his admirable conduct in Matabeleland, and in the next assure you that the grievances of the Outlanders in Johannesburg have been "very much exaggerated." Well, we have taken some trouble lately to set forth these grievances in their true proportion, and if our readers will consult our answer to Mr. Lippert's letter in our "Correspondence" columns in this issue, they will see how difficult it is to exaggerate one at least of those grievances. Or does Mr. Schreiner think a tax of 20 per cent. on the net profits of an industry a light grievance when only 10 per cent. of the proceeds of the tax goes to the State? However, between Sir Graham Bower and Mr. Schreiner we prefer Mr. Schreiner.

Again a story of the sea reaches us, thanks to the enterprise of the "Daily Mail," which thrills the blood like the account of the going-down of the "Warren Hastings." But as that was a story of British discipline, this is a story of British individuality. The Beaver liner "Winnipeg," it seems, left St. John's, New Brunswick, on 14 February, and when off Newfoundland encountered terrible weather. In a few hours the water found its way on board in such volume as to extinguish the fires. For seven days the storm continued, and during the whole of that time the ship was unmanageable. At the height of the storm the cargo shifted and the position of the ship and sailors became desperate. But Captain Taylor pointed out that the ship, was drifting towards its destination, England, and encouraged the crew and passengers by speech and example to such an extent that they stuck to the ship though more than once they could have found safety in passing vessels. Even after the storm passed and the engines had got to work; they broke down again and a leak was found to necessitate bucket-work. Ten terrible days followed, a passenger tells us; they ran out of fresh water and could only condense sea-water in small quantities, and yet the Captain never despaired. At length the ship entered the Mersey sixteen days behind time. Captain Taylor seems to have well deserved the cheers the passengers gave him as they embarked on the tender.

The home public should be warned against sensational telegrams from Johannesburg and Pretoria; every line wired from those places has its purpose, and that purpose may generally be calculated in pounds, shillings and pence. The situation is decidedly troubled; but Mr. Kruger is not going to declare war on Great Britain just yet, nor is the Free State going to join him either in his campaign against England or in that against Chief Justice Kotzé. This latter is the really important point to watch, for on the firmness of the Chief Justice everything depends. Kruger's position simply is that the Supreme Court must obey the Executive or go. The Chief Justice's answer is that he and his colleagues are appointed under the Constitution for life or good conduct, and are sworn to obey the Constitution and not the President. We may be sure that a decent compromise will be effected. It must not be forgotten that the President selected Kotzé for the post of Chief Justice when Kotzé was only twenty-seven years of age, and that they have found it possible to work together for nearly twenty years. Kruger will not push the dispute to extreme measures nor will Kotzé unduly provoke the somewhat autocratic Oom Paul.

The real trouble is that the Hollanders in the Transvaal, with Leyds at their head, are doing their best to envenom the difference between the President and the "Chief." But now that Baron Beelaerts von Blokland is dead, the place of Minister Plenipotentiary of the Transvaal in Europe may be offered to Dr. Leyds and accepted, in which case the situation in the Transvaal is certain to improve. Von Blokland was an extreme Calvinist, as Kruger is, and had a great influence over the President. In fact, von Blokland selected Leyds and introduced him to Kruger. It would be a sort of poetic justice if von Blokland's death removed Leyds from a country to which he has done nothing but harm.

Neither the Government nor the Opposition can congratulate themselves much on the debate on the Education Bill, for the whole proceedings were as undignified and stupid as possible. Warned by last year's fiasco, Mr. Balfour simply decided that the Bill must go through *holus bolus*, and accordingly the proceedings degenerated into a trial of endurance, tempered only by the Closure. A clever Opposition might have made much of such a situation, but the task of criticism fell into the hands of the dreariest and narrowest little group of Welsh Dissenting bores. As a natural result the debate went on amid empty benches, the Radicals betraying quite as much eagerness to "void the House" as the Tories; for after the Scotchmen the Welshmen are unrivalled as House-emptiers. The grant to the Voluntary schools being now disposed of, further aid to necessitous Board schools will probably follow, and the Government will then devoutly hope to hear no more of education during this Parliament. To tell the truth, the extreme arrogance and aggressiveness of the clerical section have tended to disgust both parties, and there would be an unmistakable protest amongst the Tories themselves at any attempt further to strengthen the hands of the parsons.

It is worth noting in this connexion that the Irish clericals have been doing mischief this Session. As we announced several weeks ago, Mr. Balfour early in the year made an informal but very distinct offer of an Irish Catholic University with a handsome endowment. The Irish were left practically to make their own plans, the conditions being that they should agree on a scheme, that the Catholic laity should have their fair share of power, and that the University should be according to modern standards "efficient." These latter conditions were put forward on the urgent representations of eminent Irish Catholics who knew two well the ideas of education entertained by semi-illiterate reactionaries of the type of Bishop Nulty. The bishops, it is now understood, have flatly refused to sanction such a University, and it is more than probable that the whole plan will fall through. Such a display of narrow and intolerant obscurantism has disgusted many who were eager advocates of a Catholic University, and the more liberal-minded Catholics are not slow to declare that they would rather go on to the end of time with the absolute freedom and equality of Trinity College and the Queen's Colleges than be left to the tender mercies of a Board in whose eyes philosophy has not existed since the days of St. Thomas Aquinas, and whose ideas of literary and historical research are limited by the "Index."

Coming on the top of Mr. Dillon's fiasco over the Financial Relations Commission, this educational collapse does not render the Irish political outlook hopeful, and the appearance in a few weeks of Mr. Healy's new daily paper will complete the confusion of tongues. There is now no great hope of any result from all the promising financial agitation. The terms of reference to the new Commission are now fixed; their report need not be looked for for a couple of years at least, and by that time the golden opportunity will have been lost. Mr. Blake's resolution will come up for discussion on Monday week; but a motion which would have had great moral effect if supported by a united Irish representation will now, thanks to Mr. Dillon's ingenuity in wrecking the Round Table Conference, appear simply as a party move of the Home Rulers. So it is not wonderful that a good many



people in Ireland are reflecting whether, after all, it was such a very wise thing to make haste to get rid of Mr. Parnell at the bidding of Mr. Gladstone.

The Water question and the Chairmanship between them have brought about a crisis in the Moderate Party on the London County Council, and Lord Onslow has shown his feeling at the want of support accorded him by his followers by proffering his resignation. There is a unanimous feeling amongst those who follow County Council politics—including some who were not over-friendly to Lord Onslow at the first—that his loss would be an irreparable misfortune to the party, and that no blame whatever rests with him for the inefficiency once or twice displayed by the Moderates as a body. Their real plan of campaign is to stick steadily together and devote their energy to the weeding out of inefficient and the selecting of good candidates to take their place at next year's election. In spite of the Whitechapel defeat (which under the circumstances was to have been expected) there is no doubt that the Moderates will win a sweeping victory next March if they only stand together and put forward good men. Otherwise we shall simply revert to the dismal days of 1892-95, when London was at the mercy of persons of the type of Mr. McDougall and Mrs. Chant and their secret coteries.

America is always the dark horse of the export trade. An English manufacturer who does business with the United States never feels sure of his future. At Washington, tariffs come and tariffs go—and British trade, too often goes also when the Eagle screams and the duties run high. There was a bad instance of this when Mr. McKinley got to work on the subject before, and the new Bill shows no signs of repentance. Thorough-going Protection, naked and unashamed, is President McKinley's motto; and it is going to be acted on. We once compared the exports of cutlery from Sheffield to the United States over a series of years which embraced the McKinley and the Wilson tariffs, and the fluctuations were startling. They had bad times in Yorkshire when the last high tariff was in operation, and as the new one will be practically a return to McKinley the first, bad times may be looked for again.

No further news has yet reached Europe as to the character of the occupation of the town of Busa on the Middle Niger by a French force. But while we are awaiting the return of Sir George Goldie it may serve a useful purpose to recall an incident connected with the occupation of another port on the river a little lower than Busa in 1895. In February 1895 Captain Toutée hoisted the French flag at a point on the right bank of the Niger opposite Bajibo, and proceeded to build a fort. When news of this act of aggression reached London a question was asked in the House of Commons by Mr. J. W. Lowther, and in the course of his reply Sir Edward Grey, who then represented the Foreign Office in the House, stated that "in reply to a communication which has been made to the French Government we have been informed that Captain Toutée, who is reported to be the leader of the expedition, is a private traveller." In the end Captain Toutée was disowned, Fort d'Arenberg evacuated and occupied by the Royal Niger Company.

But what are the facts as to Captain Toutée's position? That gallant officer has written a book, "Dahomé Niger Touareg," and from first to last makes no secret of the fact that he was sent out to the West Coast on an official mission by the then Minister for the Colonies, M. Delcassé. Nay, more, he was sent out with express instructions to establish a French post on the Niger, precisely where he did in fact plant the French flag. He prints *in extenso* some of the official despatches addressed by him to the Colonial Minister, and in one, dated 25 April, 1895, he describes the steps he has taken to establish Fort d'Arenberg, and adds, "J'obéissais ainsi à la partie de vos instructions qui me prescrivait de faire acte d'occupation aussi près que possible du Niger (5° degré)." It would be interesting to know what explanation the French Government has to offer of the statement officially made to the

British Foreign Office that Captain Toutée was "a private traveller."

The people of the Australian Colonies were brought more closely into touch with the question of Federation by the election of delegates last week than they were before. As usual, however, unanimity has not been found possible, and Queensland will take no part in the Convention which will meet in the course of a few days. For this abstention, it will perhaps startle many people to learn, Mr. Chamberlain is probably responsible. There is a movement on foot in Queensland for dividing the colony in two if not three. The Queensland Government opposes this separatist agitation tooth and nail. Mr. Chamberlain some time ago extricated himself from the difficulty of dealing with the question by telling the Queensland separatists that the federation of the whole of Australia would afford them the best chance of securing the local autonomy they demand. Immediately Queensland, through her Government, made a virtual right-about-face. If Mr. Chamberlain's statement was not the direct cause of this, the coincidence was remarkable.

The decision in *Hawke v. Dunn* has caused much commotion in betting circles and the situation is assuredly involved in much confusion. To an ordinary person it seems a flat contradiction to repeated previous decisions in which a "place" for betting purposes was held to be necessarily something in the nature of a "house, office, or room," but as there is no appeal the matter must now be taken as settled. But there is no need to make too much of it. It does not interfere with any man's right to make a bet in public or in private. All that is certain is that a man may not use such a place as a fixed enclosure on a racecourse for the business of making bets. It is probable, further, that this interpretation of the word "place" would include every enclosed course for entrance to which money was charged. In a word, the decision is aimed at the professional bookmaker, and not at the individual who "puts a dollar on" the horse of his choice. As a great many people frequent race meetings simply for betting purposes, it is evident the ruling out of all such will mean a serious cutting down of "gate money," and probably the closing of more than one popular "park." We do not know that this would be any great loss to the genuine sportsmen who go to meetings for sport and not for money-making purposes. But, after all, everything will depend on how the decision is followed up. If Mr. Hawke sends out an army of spies and remorselessly persecutes every "bookie" who raises his voice on the course there will be lively scenes.

The late Henry Drummond had a heart of gold and lips from which came forth oil and honey. He was the bagman of Evangelical religion, and by day affected the loudest checked tweeds and the company of the Earl of Aberdeen, while by night, always in full evening dress, he read the Bible and his own works to enraptured audiences. So far his blameless career was unworthy the chronicling. But it chanced that a Free Church training institution, in Glasgow, dispensed Natural Science by means of a "Professor" to Divinity students. Mr. Drummond was that Professor, and, naturally, fell to reconciling his notion of evolution with his notion of Calvinistic theology. The publication of the new scheme of salvation in book-form was a great day for Scotland. Darwin had been a tough nut to crack, and behold him turned into an agreeable comfit fitted to eat in church. The book sold by the hundred thousand; it was easy to read, placing no strain on the intellect: it tossed aside the spectres of evolution with an easy familiarity that brought happy tears of contrition into the eyes of honest doubters. Drummond at once recognized his position in the hierarchy of science; there remained but to make a journey in the tropics, like Huxley and Wallace and Darwin. He visited the Scotch mission stations in East Africa, and his "Tropical Africa" supplied naturalists with any evidence that was wanting as to his qualifications and abilities in science. It served with the public, however, and prepared the way for the unspeakable "Ascent of Man."

## A NATION OF CONSUMERS.

WHEN Lord Salisbury speaks the world listens. And it listens always with respect, and usually with admiration. But with what feelings, we wonder, did the commercial statesmen of America, of Germany, of France, of Russia, of our own Colonies, listen to Lord Salisbury's recent speech to the Associated Chambers of Commerce? There are two points in the speech which irresistibly invite criticism. The first is Lord Salisbury's boast that we are "more than competent to beat down every rivalry, under any circumstances, in any part of the globe." This is sheer braggadocio of course. A stream of Consular reports on commercial matters pours in almost daily to the Foreign Office, of which Lord Salisbury is chief; and these reports, with scarce an exception, are replete with instances of British manufacturers' failure to extend or even to hold staple branches of British trade. From one you learn of the disappearance of English agricultural implements and the substitution of the German and American article; from another comes a tale of the absence of British textiles from Eastern bazaars; from a third, of the displacement of English cutlery by German and Austrian. And so they go on; each Consul points his moral from his experience in his own official district; each one has some mordant commentary of unhappy fact which nullifies the Premier's boast. Lord Salisbury said that by publicly expressing our fear of foreign rivalry we were giving "a stimulus to other nations." But what sort of result is likely to follow from his lordship's advice to his countrymen—nay, his "entreaty" to them—"to abandon this state of fear, and to believe" in their infallible competency to "lick creation," as aforesaid? But if Lord Salisbury has no time to study the Consular reports which are dutifully addressed to him, he might, we should have thought, have found a moment to glance at the Board of Trade's recent Memorandum on the subject. He could never have made his boast if fresh from a perusal of that document. Sir Courtenay Boyle is a veritable Mark Tapley, but not even his unconquerable determination (almost pathetically evident in his Report) to make the best of things could prompt him to such a statement as would give Lord Salisbury justification. On the contrary, summarizing the German, French, and American comparative statistics, Sir Courtenay was forced to the confession that "their competition with us in neutral markets, and even in our home markets, will probably, unless we ourselves are active, become increasingly serious. Every year will add to acquired capital, and still they will have larger and larger additions to their population to draw upon." And Sir Courtenay Boyle's statistics are even less than his reflections suggestive of unchallengeable supremacy. To take but one group, we find that between 1883 and 1895 France increased the value of her export of manufactured articles from 74 to 76 millions sterling; the United States hers from 28 to 38 millions; Germany hers from 98 to 109 millions; while matchless, invincible Britain's tumbled down from 215 to 196 millions! And manufacture for export is the very life and soul of British industry. By it, as owners of the world's workshop, we have elected to stand or fall.

Lord Salisbury doubtless was misled by the recent trade revival. His scant leisure seems to have afforded him just enough time to learn that the foreign trade returns of 1895 and 1896 show two years of notable expansion. It did not afford him time enough to compare and analyse a series of years, or he would have seen that the 1895 revival started from a period of unexampled depression, and the rebound was therefore great, and looked greater. He would have seen that the increased exports of 1896, about which such a fuss has been made, are still below the total for 1890; and he would have seen, had he conned the latest statistics, that the zenith has already passed, and that the 1890 level is not likely to be reached. Comparing the first two months of this year with the first two months of last, we find a net decrease in the value of our exports of home produce and manufactures of £3,199,668; and that would be over a quarter of a million larger but for compensating increases in the live-animal export and

in those doubtful items "Machinery and Mill Work" and "Parcels Post." At this rate, by the end of the year we shall have more than lost the step forward gained in 1896. And with America's determination to shut out our manufactures from her market the present rate of decline is likely to be accelerated rather than checked in the ensuing months. Was Lord Salisbury quite wise to give it as "his own impression that British commerce is making tremendous strides"?

The imports are increasing fast enough, and continue cheerfully to demolish the theory of "mathematical correspondence" between imports and exports. Unfortunately they tend at the same time to demolish home industries. The figures show that not only are we making less for export, but we are making less for home consumption. Comparing the first two months of this and last year, we find an increase in the value of imports of £1,768,428. Knock off the odd thousands for the raw-material increases, and we have yet an increased encroachment in the home market of foreign food and manufactures to the value of a million sterling in a couple of months. And this sort of thing has been going on steadily for years past. Lord Salisbury contemptuously summed up foreign industrial expansion as a nation's finding "an outlet for its trade in some new or unexplored portion of the world." True, the British food market, for example, is well on the road to becoming unexplored country to the British producer; but that is not exactly what Lord Salisbury meant.

This brings us to the second point in Lord Salisbury's speech that we think would have excited a foreign reader's special attention. The Premier formally gave in his adhesion to the policy of admitting into this country free of duty all articles of produce and manufacture which compete with our own industries, and continuing (it is presumed) the duties on such articles as tea and tobacco, which, being necessarily of foreign production, do not compete with home industry. He called this policy "Free-trade," and affirmed his belief that the "country will continue to pursue it." It is not thus that Lord Salisbury was wont to talk, and he doubtless felt that the circumstances demanded something by way of argument to back up his change of attitude. He did it in these remarkable words:—"A Protectionist country is the country where the producer is stronger than the consumer, and the producer cannot be stronger than the consumer in this country, because the consumer is the whole population of the country." That is to say, some countries (the rest of the world, in fact) live by production, and so do not need to consume; another country (our invincible selves) lives by consumption, and so does not need to produce! Absolutely that is the bare logical deduction from Lord Salisbury's words; and we are not surprised that even the "Times" admits that it "does not quite understand" this argument of the Cobden Club's latest convert. We are afraid we cannot assist the "Times." The most we can do to elucidate the point is to mention that in England there is a class of consumers who do not produce—for their own nation; they live on the interest of their loans to the undertakings of other nations. Lord Salisbury may have had them in his eye. But even so the argument fails lamentably. Foreign producers will eat and clothe themselves, and so become consumers, and home consumers (the majority of them) will have to produce, or their consumption will come to a swift and inglorious end.

But was Lord Salisbury serious in his conversion? We would fain believe not, and the latter part of his speech gives colour to the notion. He returned to his old unanswerable complaint against England's fiscal policy that it leaves no opening for retaliation when tariff hostilities are afoot. We have thrown away our armour and our weapons, and still think we can fight. We have given everything away; how, then, can we hope for anything to come into our empty hands when exchanges of gifts are being made? In Lord Salisbury's words, "You might as well send a party to take a fortress without guns as to enter upon this warfare with such an inability as that." That is the way we like to hear Lord Salisbury speak. We should like to remember that, and forget the talk about the unchallengeable supremacy of this nation of consumers.



Lord Salisbury might have put the advantages of a tariff in yet stronger words. He might have stated those advantages as President McKinley stated them to his countrymen. "We are one nation, we have one flag, we have a common destiny. The other nations of the world have their separate and independent political organizations for the purpose of working out for themselves the highest destiny possible. They owe no allegiance to this Government; they contribute nothing to its support either in war or peace; and if they come into this country and compete with our people, we say that they can do it upon condition that a tariff is put upon their products, and that tariff will go towards maintaining the Government, and at the same time will be a defence to our own labourers and producers. This is the whole doctrine of the tariff. If we ever needed it, we need it now." There is not a word in this address to the American nation which is not equally applicable to England. On the contrary, the statement would have a special emphasis if applied to this country: fifty years of folly have made our need greater than America's.

#### PROFESSOR SYLVESTER.

**O**CCASIONALLY it happens that Oxford recognizes the greatness of its great men. When that does happen it may be taken for granted that some distinction of birth, some accident of a useful marriage, or some accretion of temporal dignity, brings the greatness of the man within the focus of the suburban dons and provincial ladies who make modern Oxford what it is. The late Professor Sylvester had none of these extrinsic hall-marks to recommend his incomparable genius. He was a bachelor, a Jew, difficult in temperament and careless of the social amenities without which life is an unwomanly reality. And so, when at the age of seventy he came back to England from the greatest American University, and became Professor in the greatest English University, he was unhappy. In France, in Germany, in Russia, in Italy, in London and in Edinburgh, wherever the achievement and the man are identified, Professor Sylvester's was a name to conjure with. It was not to be expected that his work should have been understood in the common-rooms or in the drawing-rooms round the parks. Perhaps three men in England and a dozen in the world could follow his daring advances into those regions where mathematics are no longer a memory of the foot-rule, but a logical assault on the unthinkable. With a self-consciousness that was from the first slightly morbid, he thought Oxford despised him when it was only ignorant of him. He was accustomed to declare that no greater calamity could befall a man than to be born a Jew. Even when he was up at John's, Cambridge, he believed himself persecuted, and we are assured by an eye-witness that he avenged a sneer at his race by flinging a leg of mutton across the hall table at a fellow-undergraduate.

For the last few years of his residence at Oxford he lived the life of a recluse in his rooms at New College, and his eccentricities and feebleness were the occasion of considerable anxiety to his friends and of annoyance to the smug Fellows. He was persuaded to leave Oxford, and for some time lived in lodgings in Bloomsbury. He was sedulously tended by one or two friends—men of pre-eminence in his own branch of science. But it must be confessed that no one ever made kindness more purely its own reward, and stories of his naïve ungratefulness abound. One of the best of these tells how, after staying as an uninvited guest for many months, he realized that he had put his host to inconvenience. "I fear," he said, "that I have been trespassing on your hospitality"; so, whipping out his cheque-book, he wrote out and handed over a cheque to —, "Five pounds for value received in lodging and sustenance."

It would be interesting to speculate what would have happened to Sylvester had he been born in these modern days when the intellectual Jew is a cult. There were the seeds of many shy graces in him, and his devotion to his few old friends was a rare thing. But one thing is certain, that although under other conditions his life might easily have been happier, he could not have made greater additions to mathematics.

#### THE GRIEVANCES OF THE OUTLANDERS.

##### IV.

##### THE DRINK QUESTION.

**O**NE of the earliest measures of the Boer Government after the retrocession of the Transvaal by the English was to grant a monopoly for the distillation of spirits. Before the discovery of the goldfields and the consequent appearance of the natives on the Rand, the monopoly was of comparatively small moment, as the whites naturally preferred to import their alcoholic liquors. But from 1887 to the present day the scandal of native drunkenness has been a grievance that affects the mining industry more seriously every year. There are nearly seventy thousand of these "boys" at Johannesburg, drawn from all parts of South Africa and united only in their love of drink. The wages paid these men, owing to the insufficient supply and the severe competition of the mining industry, are very large. The ordinary Kaffir of South Africa is contented with little more than the native of India, but the wages paid the "boys" employed on the Rand even now average £36 a year, in addition to food and clothes. This represents to the black population of Africa an amount of wealth that will permit them to spend three-fourths upon liquor and yet retain enough for them to return to their homes as well-to-do men. The evil, intensified by the comparatively short periods during which drink may be obtained by natives, was soon a subject of complaint. In 1891, the Volksraad, advised by those who reaped most benefit from the liquor trade, passed, no doubt in ignorance, the following regulations:—(a) No liquor to be sold to natives not actually in service. This proviso it was of course impossible to enforce, as the liquor-seller, even if he wished to do so, could not obtain any knowledge on this point. (b) Not more than one "drink" to be sold to one native at a canteen. There being no limit to the size of the "drink," a bottle could be and generally was bought. Another could be obtained at the next canteen. (c) All orders for liquor issued by mine managers to be at once destroyed by the liquor-seller under penalty. This rule, which was doubtless intended to prevent the fraudulent use of a permit more than once, operated in a directly opposite way. It immediately destroyed the only evidence that any native had no right to obtain drink. So far therefore from mitigating the evil, these regulations intensified it. The number of canteens increased until the unheard of proportion of one canteen to every thirty inhabitants of Johannesburg was reached. An independent report (20 June, 1893) from the manager of the Salisbury Mine stated that: "Nearly half the natives were drunk or incapacitated from the effects of the 'big drunk' on Saturday." The presence of the President of the Chamber of Mines upon the Licensing Board of the Johannesburg District produced some improvement; but the unchecked sale of liquor on the east of the Rand at Boksburg, and to the west at Krugersdorp, rendered his efforts less valuable than they might otherwise have been. The evil spread until the average loss to the mining industry caused by drunkenness and subsequent incapacity for work is now estimated on any given day at not less than 25 per cent. of the total number of employes. Complaints rained in upon the Chamber of Mines, but it was powerless. On 7 April, 1894, the companies memorialized the Volksraad to the effect that they were compelled to keep and feed a large and unnecessary number of "boys," the total loss thus inflicted upon the industry being estimated at not less than £240,000 a year. Taking higher ground, the Chamber urgently represented that drink was the cause not only of the increasing crime on the Rand, but was directly the cause of the high percentage of fatal accidents among the natives in the mines.\* Above all, they urged that to this curse was due "that abhorrent crime, attempts on white women." The Volksraad turned a deaf ear. It was put before them that the craving for alcohol was in the case of the natives of Africa a wholly artificial and an inevitably ruinous vice. The well-known puritanism of the Boer was invoked,

\* During 1895 there were one hundred and thirty-eight fatal accidents, of which a large majority could be traced to drink.

and the fearful depravity of the natives when they returned to their farms and clans was proved up to the hilt; all was useless.

It is difficult to characterize the motives and policy of the Boer Government in temperate language. Surprising it unfortunately is not, and it can only too easily be understood by remembering the close relations in which those who draw the enormous profits of the liquor trade of the goldfields stand to the Government. The amount spent yearly on drink by natives on the Rand cannot be estimated at less than a million and a half pounds, and it more probably amounts to two millions. Of this sum, owing to the unspeakably vile nature of the liquor sold, it may be estimated that quite one-half is profit. It is easy for such traders to bring unanswerable arguments before the Boer authorities. Whatever may be said of the Jameson raid and the action of the people of Johannesburg, it must always remain to their credit that, in the words of an eyewitness, "there were fewer cases of drunkenness or violence reported during the period of trouble than during any other fortnight in the history of the place, notwithstanding the fact that there were thousands anxious to find any charge to bring against the (Reform) Committee." The Committee had simply closed the canteens; and in some cases, where resistance was threatened, they confiscated and poured away into the gutters the stock-in-trade of the drinking hells of the Rand. The words of the Native Labour Commissioners referring to the same time are worth quoting:—"Complete proof was recently afforded to the beneficial effect of prohibition in the conduct and bearing of the natives along the whole line of reef during the recent disturbances, and to this fact the managers all bear testimony." This matter is one that will touch the sympathies of Englishmen more perhaps than onerous taxation or corrupt legislation. The cold indifference of the Boer President to the widespread demoralization of the black races of Africa, radiating from a centre over which he has entire control, is a matter that gives pause even to those who sympathize with him in England.

#### RUSSIA'S ADVANCE IN THE FAR EAST.

THE Russo-Japanese Convention relating to Korea, signed last May, but only recently published, marks a stage in the fulfilment of the designs of Russia in the Far East and accentuates our remarkable change of policy in that part of the world. In 1858-60 Russia during our second war with China acquired from that Power the northern half of the basin of the Amur and the seaboard dominions of China from Korea northwards. At the same time she endeavoured to get a hold on Southern Korea and a command of the Sea of Japan by occupying the twin islands of Tsushima, but was balked by our action. In 1860 Japan exchanged the island of Quelpaert for the Korean islands of Tsushima, and in 1885, when China was weakened by her war with France and at loggerheads with Japan in Korea, Russia prepared to seize Quelpaert, but was again foiled by the British fleet dogging her cruisers and by our occupation of Port Hamilton in April of that year. It was not until 27 February, 1887, that our flag at that place was hauled down, after M. Ladyginsky, the Russian representative at Peking, had declared to the Tsung-Li-Yamen, the Peking Foreign Office, that his Government "gave a most explicit guarantee, distinctly declaring that in future Russia would not take Korean territory," and had also given "a sincere promise that, if the British would evacuate Port Hamilton, they would not occupy Korean territory under any circumstances whatsoever." The agreement was in reality one made between Great Britain and Russia through the mediation of China, and China's having lost her hold over Korea, as the upshot of her Treaty of Peace with Japan, is no reason for the agreement to be considered by either of the parties concerned as annulled.

The most remarkable thing about this agreement was that neither Japan nor China believed that it was worth the paper it was written on, because in the previous year the late Tsar had issued his famous edict ordering the construction of the Siberian Pacific

Railway. To their minds, the countries that this line would pass through and terminate in, being swept by biting Polar winds, and barely fit for habitation, did not warrant the expense that would have to be incurred. Russia, they thought, must therefore have an ulterior object in view—that of advancing her frontier southwards through Manchuria and Korea. Their best policy would have been to league themselves together for mutual defence; but, like Persia and Turkey, they are hereditary enemies, and would sooner each be devoured in turn than coalesce against a common foe. China, therefore, set about strengthening her forts and garrisons in Manchuria; while Japan, looking upon China as perfectly impotent against trained armies whether European or Asiatic, determined to defend her islands from the close neighbourhood of an encroaching neighbour like Russia by turning China out of Korea and the Liau-tung Peninsula, and incorporating them under the guise of protectorates or otherwise with her own dominions—if she could get Formosa as well, so much the better. Ten million people added to her own population, and the adult males drilled as she could drill them, would make her an efficient bulwark against future Russian aggression in that quarter.

The scheme was a good one, and it was boldly and successfully carried out so far as China was concerned. But Japan had failed to take into account the strength of Russia's fleet, her own absence of allies, and the fact that France would join with Russia to foil her when her conquests were completed and her ends seemingly assured. When Germany, as well as France, marshalled herself by Russia's side, and England would grant her nothing but advice, she had to accept the terms that were proffered her, and agree to quit the Liau-tung Peninsula for an additional indemnity from China of thirty million taels, or considerably less than half the sum she considered she ought to receive as compensation. No demands were at that time made upon her in relation to Korea, but Russia was determined that Japan should be entirely ousted from the continent of Asia. Japan was rapidly growing in strength both by land and by sea, and it was not at all unlikely that, notwithstanding Lord Beaconsfield's oft-quoted dictum that "in Asia there is room for us all," England, sooner than have her markets in the Far East encroached upon and turned into close preserves for Russian manufacturers by high walls of protective tariffs, would join Japan in checking Russia's advance. Lord Salisbury's speech at the Mansion House, in November 1895, must have, under the circumstances, been pleasant reading to Russia. In referring to the rumoured terms of a Russo-Chinese Secret Treaty, he assured his hearers that he had not thought the news of particular importance, and that "we may look on with absolute equanimity at the action of any persons, if such there be, who think that they can exclude us from any part of that fertile and commercial region, or who imagine that if we are admitted they can beat us in the markets of the world." On the 3rd of the following February Mr. Balfour went out of his way in his speech at Bristol to declare that, "so far from regarding with jealousy the acquisition of a commercial port for Russia in the Pacific, which would not be frozen up for six months in the year, he should welcome it as a distinct advance to civilization, and he was convinced that not merely Russia and the whole world generally, but British enterprise also, would be the gainers."

It is not surprising that with such encouragement, exactly seven days later Russia landed 200 marines with a field gun at Chemulpo, marched them to Seoul, the capital of Korea, and obtained possession of the King, who had secretly arranged to throw off the yoke of Japan by placing himself under the protection of the Russian Legation. A month later the Russian Minister at Tokio officially informed the Japanese Foreign Minister that Russia had no design of annexing or occupying the peninsula of Korea, or any part of it, and that it could not view with indifference the attempt of any Power to secure a preponderating influence in the peninsula. Japan "ate the leek," and admitted Russia to a partnership in the protectorate of Japan, in the same manner, and for the same reason,



that China had admitted Japan to the same partnership in 1885. Japan, by turning China out of Korea, and thus making way for Russia, has exchanged King Log for King Stork, and must heartily repent of her transaction. The Korean Government is pro-Russian and anti-Japanese, and the King only left the Russian Legation last month, after having stayed there for fully a year. He is still in Russian leading-strings, and Russian officers have been ordered to proceed to Korea for the purpose of acting as instructors and forming regiments of cavalry, infantry and batteries of artillery. As Russian influence waxes at Seoul so that of Japan wanes, and in all probability will continue to wane until Japan finds the game not worth the candle and withdraws entirely from Korea, leaving it in Russia's hands as sole protector. The turning of a protectorate into a province is an easy matter when the Tsar wills it and the King is but a marionette. Anyhow as long as Russia dominates the King and has the actual control of Korea, all the ports are open to the Russian fleet, and if the Tsar wills it to Russian commerce. Mr. Balfour has had his desire more than amply fulfilled. Let us hope that its fulfilment will not tend to our injury.

HOLT S. HALLETT.

#### THE DEMERARA BOATMAN.

THE Demerara boatman has great powers of endurance. He can paddle for hour after hour, often against the stream, until you wonder how he bears such a strain. But when his work is done he falls asleep in almost any position. Under the burning rays of a cloudless sun which would blister your face he sprawls down in the bateau and sleeps like a dog. I have even had my steersman dozing with the paddle in his hand on the open river when the glare was so intense that I hardly dared look from under my umbrella. He had been to a wake the night before, but did not hesitate to undertake an eight hours' journey in the morning. I have often had to deplore this tendency to fall asleep at unsuitable times, and on one or two occasions have narrowly escaped great inconvenience at least from the practice. For example, I once stopped for a time at a police station on the Demerara river to hear the magistrate's decision in a rather curious double action. Manny Prince went into the forest one morning with his dog to hunt a deer, which they found and drove into the river. Cuffy Hercules, passing in his bateau, saw the animal swimming, knocked it on the head with his paddle, cut its throat, and drew it into his craft, without taking any notice of Manny, who was shouting on the bank. The hunter said the deer was his, but having no craft at hand he was furious with rage when he saw Cuffy paddling away and congratulating himself on the prospects of a good dinner. However, not satisfied to lose the results of several hours' work, Manny went off to the police station, charged Hercules with stealing his deer, and by the aid of a constable recovered the meat and had the so-called thief arrested. Now that the magistrate had come on his periodical visit he had to try one man for theft and the other for illegal arrest. The great question was, did the animal ever belong to Manny Prince? True, he and his dog had driven it into the river, but then he had never actually got possession. At the same time Hercules could not have caught it without the assistance of the huntsman and his dog. Ultimately, the magistrate advised them to settle the matter out of court, to which they at last agreed. However, I did not wait for the decision, for while listening to the evidence some one whispered that my bateau was adrift. Hurrying out to the end of the wharf, sure enough I saw the craft floating down stream a quarter of a mile away, with the men lying fast asleep on the baggage. The river glittered in the sunlight, with hardly a ripple on the smooth surface, and there, without the least protection, lay the three negroes. I bawled out at the top of my voice and joined with several loungers in the bush cry "Hoo-oo-oo," but they still slept on, and the bateau floated lazily along with the current, taking all my camping materials and provisions towards Georgetown. Something had to be done or I should be stranded.

Tied to the wharf was an Indian canoe, and it did not take long to arrange with its owner to go off and wake the sleepers. No doubt they were surprised when he roused them, but they hardly troubled even to make an excuse when they again reached the wharf. Scolding them was quite useless, and this the European has to learn very quickly in a tropical climate. It would be only wasting energy to no good purpose.

Sometimes this habit of falling asleep under any and all circumstances leads to serious results. On one occasion, in coming down the river at night I saw the crew of a timber punt with a lantern peering over the side into the water as if in search of something. On inquiry I found one of their men had fallen overboard through sleeping on the flush deck. He had simply rolled off the platform into the water and woke the others with the splash. The current was running swiftly, and although we searched the neighbourhood in our bateau no sign of the body could be found.

On some of the creeks which drain the great swamps it is hard to find a dry spot for a camping ground. As far as the eye can reach extends what looks like a grassy plain, but what is really a shallow lake. The creeks are choked with vegetation, mostly water-lilies, with great masses of the buttercup-like *Cabomba aquatica* and yellow and violet *Utricularias*. The flexible stems and leaves of the water-lilies twine round the paddles with every stroke as the bateau is pushed through them, and they also cling to the bottom of the craft. The boatmen find the work very hard as hour after hour passes without a rest, and the white men suffer from the steamy heat and exposure to the sun. Night comes with the camping ground still a long way off, and the boatmen refuse to go any further without a rest. They say, and we are obliged to agree with them, that we shall be lost in the savannah if we attempt to go on in the darkness.

All want rest, but how can white men sleep under such conditions? The negroes sit down, lean their heads forward, and are off while you are thinking of a sleepless night and of the utter weariness to come. The mosquitoes come out in myriads and you can make no fire to drive them away. A candle is lit, and in the stillness hardly flickers, so you prepare to read for a few hours. But the back of the hand holding the book is immediately blackened with the vampires, and you feel their needle-like pricks all over your face. One hand is continually at work until it becomes black with corpses and clammy with the blood they have sucked. But what is the use of killing? This is perhaps the only opportunity for a feast that these voracious creatures will have for several generations, and they intend to make the best of it. Yet the negroes sleep through all this!

The negro has undoubtedly a very strong inclination to sleep in the day and to spend the night in gossip, dancing, or singing. On this account he is often a nuisance to his neighbours, especially when he has a wake. As his home is often nothing more than a single room about eight feet square, the funeral party is conducted in the open yard. Here congregate fifty to a hundred people, who begin the *entertainment* with hymns, going on after midnight to songs and games, and often winding up towards morning with a free fight. Then there is the Cumfoo dance, one of the finest institutions in the world for producing nightmare. Two men beat drums with their hands, the one instrument producing a tum-tum and the other a rattle-rattle, almost without intermission during the whole night. At intervals of about a minute the party utters a weird cry in some African language which startles you as you lie in bed vainly trying to sleep. As hour after hour passes your house appears to vibrate, the bed shakes, and your spine feels as if made up of loose segments. How can the drummers keep this up for ten hours? And the dancers? With the latter exhaustion alternates with the renewal of the orgie: one set falls down and another takes its place. This and other dances are connected with Obeah, the witch cult of the African. Every negro and most of the coloured people have an innate fear of the Obeah man, however they may deny it to the whites. One of the latest developments of this superstition was brought to my notice a short time ago in connexion with a cricket-match. The East Coast Invincibles and

the Admirable Creolians were to play a match, and from a few words dropped by the captain of the latter, it appears that he was sure of victory to his side because a notable Obeah man had oiled their bat.

J. RODWAY.

#### MR. DE LARA'S "MOÏNA" AT MONTE CARLO.

I HAVE always cherished a secret sneaking liking for Mr. de Lara and a little of his music. But when the edict went forth that I was forthwith to proceed to Monaco to hear his latest operatic achievement, "Moïna," the most humble servant of his readers kicked with some violence against the pricks. I detest going abroad, and my liking for Mr. de Lara's music was not powerful enough to carry me so far. But after a day or two at Monte Carlo it became obvious, even to me, that since the editor had neglected to keep control over me, by a steel wire or other means, nothing but the imminent danger of starvation would ever drag me back to the work-a-day world. The production of "Moïna," so far as I can understand the incident, was first postponed from Tuesday, 9 March, till Thursday, and then from Thursday until Sunday; and during the week in which there was nothing for me to do the enchantment of the Riviera got an immense hold on me. To sleep with windows thrown open; to be awakened by the hot sun in the morning and go to the window and fill one's lungs with the fresh air that blows from the intense blue Mediterranean and tempers the heat; to look down upon stout gentlemen endeavouring to reduce their adipose in the tennis court beneath; and then to drink one's coffee, dress leisurely, and proceed to the harbour for a few hours' boating, or else to make an inland expedition—these things alone made life divine. One could take carriage and drive along within sight and sound of the Mediterranean waves to Nice, with a pause for a miracle of a breakfast at Boillieu; and if one did that the drive back in the cool evening along the Cornice road, right up amongst the stars, formed an unforgettable experience. In Monte Carlo the monstrous shadow of the Casino is over everything: it is difficult not to feel uncomfortable where one is always seeing the cruel feverish eyes of the scores, perhaps hundreds, of victims who have so long been irritated by the wrong number turning up that at last the inevitable monomania has possessed them, and they believe in a "system"—each in his own infallible system, which would speedily lead to fortune but for—. But for these horrors Monte Carlo might be the land of the lotus eaters; and in spite of the Casino Monte Carlo is the only spot of earth worth living on at this time of year. Nature designed it solely for men who have nothing to do and want to do nothing. In a general way one cannot see a mountain without longing to climb to the top: its formidable ruggedness and too evident difficulties are challenges; but though the hills rise sheer almost from the water's edge at Monte Carlo and their heads seem set firmly into the hard blue sky one feels no temptation to climb. Ruggedness is absent; there is something weak—one might almost say voluptuous—in the long wavy line of their adjoining summits. The colours of the place, too, are unexciting. From Toulon to Nice you have brilliant red and green and orange intermingled—the oranges shine like flame amidst the dark foliage; but, so far as nature's work is concerned, dead dark greens, and soft browns and grays, prevail at Monte Carlo. There would be little of brightness but for the yellow and terra-cotta houses, the carefully cultivated gardens, and the women's dresses: man has clad the whole world in gaudy tints—also, be it remarked, the half world in tints still more gaudy. She is there in vast quantities; and neither in person nor in speech is she pretty. Happily she mostly lingers about the Casino and rubs shoulders and even exchanges courtesies at the gaming tables with the proudest of England's dames. But it is easy to avoid that centre of wretched, joyless, sordid, unholy delirium; though I can readily believe that many who have gone to Monte Carlo during every season for many years have learnt nothing of its beauty and wondrous charm because they persist in regarding its main defect as its principal attraction.

The intelligent reader will gather that I have had a gorgeous time in a modest way, and am prepared to treat the primary cause thereof with undue consideration. Moreover I went to Monte Carlo on the special and most flattering invitation of a powerful Personage who not only took a keen interest in "Moïna," but also honours me by reading my articles with attention and regularity; and further, I met, spoke to, shook hands with, and even drank and ate with de Lara, Maurel, Van Dyck and others concerned. But never yet has this tomahawk lain idle when there was a chance to take a friend's scalp; and Mr. de Lara would not have me make a weak exception in his case. He has asked me to criticize his work; and in return I pay him the compliment of criticizing it with all the severity due to one who wishes his work to be taken seriously. And the time has now arrived when it must be taken seriously. There was a time when it simply did not count. Yet at its worst it always had the merit of being a genuine utterance of de Lara's own original feeling. We may not—I can not—like either the feeling of the "Garden of Sleep" or the form in which it is uttered; but it would be ridiculous to deny that the feeling is there. It would be as ridiculous to deny that the feeling—that languorous passion—is not one that inspires respect in the manly bosom. It inspired tender feelings in the young womanly bosom, it is true; but while Mr. de Lara was conquering the female fashionable world with such strains he was steadily making it harder to conquer the genuine artistic world; and the superior critics learnt in parrot fashion to talk of him as a composer who merely desired to become popular and to make money. Lately they have taken quite a different attitude as to other composers who, having tried the high-diddle-diddle method, and having failed to become popular and to make money by that method, are now avowedly trying to become popular and to make money by a more modest method, and are incidentally showing that they differ from the de Lara of ten years ago only in not possessing de Lara's ability. Some of them have given us every reason to suspect that they refrained from writing more "Gardens of Sleep" less because they would not than because they could not. It might fairly be asked that a composer who throws up popularity and a good income for the sake of trying to do better things in art has a claim to the same generous treatment as has lately been shown to a composer who for popularity and money tried what he himself considered worse things and failed miserably. But when de Lara wrote "Amy Robsart" he had to pay the price of having written the "Garden of Sleep" and also of the stupidity of the critics. At the same time, unfairly as "Amy Robsart" was treated, much of it was so poor that even I—who have always liked de Lara—could not praise it highly. There were excellent parts, but far from growing out of one another, they scarcely hung together; and the scoring from beginning to end was violent and ineffective. I strongly recommended him to rewrite it; but instead of doing so he went and produced it successfully in France and Italy, the which course and its results only made me more determined than ever not to think a good thing about it. Still, it showed that de Lara had, at the very least, two or three good operas (of their sort) in him; and on the whole one may fairly say that in "Moïna" we have got one of the two or three. I do not prophesy an immortality for it; but since the drama is on the whole good and the music occasionally has a touch of distinction, and is more frequently pretty and always appropriate, it ought to have a successful career of some years before it.

The story is simple fine old melodrama, and though it was concocted and, I believe, told to the editor of this paper before "Shamus O'Brien" it has a general resemblance to the story of that opera. But there are only two bad jokes and no comedy in "Moïna" as against a good deal of comedy and about three hundred bad jokes in "Shamus"; and indeed since in the former opera all the principals are left dead on the stage at the fall of the curtain it might almost be termed a tragedy. Briefly, at the tail-end of the last century Moïna loved and was loved by Patrick, who was in hiding until the police would let him rise against the English. Now Captain Lionel of the bottle-green hussars loved Moïna,



and when she declined his immodest proposals he went off declaring that a time would come. Then Patrick entered and was treated in a very different way, and the twain went into church while Lionel brought his men on. Patrick escaped to a level of twelve feet above Lionel's head by disguising himself as an acolyte going to assist the priest in administering the viaticum to a dying man. At that altitude he was discovered and would have been shot had not the priest held the sacramental cup before him; and Lionel, being a Catholic, would not let his men fire. Mr. de Lara ends his first act with this tableau. In the next we see how Lionel came to Moïna's house by the sea and told her that Patrick was in prison and offered to free him on conditions which she accepted. But when it came to getting into the boat to carry them out she revolted and stabbed Lionel with a knife; and the boat drifted away over the waves, Moïna following its course from the shore by the red lamp at the stern. Then Patrick came and pointed out to her the lights of the French fleet on the horizon, and they would have risen instantly against the Government had not the boat with its red lamp been seen tossed about by the flowing tide. This was too much for Moïna's nerves: she told Patrick the whole story and before he recovered and the pair could begin the rebellion the English came upon them and shot them. This very long brief account of the plot must be forgiven: without it a fair criticism of the music would be impossible. My French is too limited for me to discuss the book as poetry; but from the purely musical point of view I can lay hand on heart and declare that Mr. Louis Gallet, a rather deaf but charming French gentleman who conversed with me for some time without ever feeling the need for a reply, has fitted Mr. de Lara admirably. The one mistake (it seems to me) is the second meeting between Moïna and Patrick, which is prolonged and delays the final climax of the drama without making it any the more intense when it arrives; and this may be quite as much the fault of the composer as of the author. Excepting for this the book is perfectly proportioned. The first scenes create the necessary atmosphere of disturbance and coming explosions; the meeting of Lionel and Moïna indicates what the inevitable development of the drama will be; and the love scene between Moïna and Patrick enables Mr. de Lara to pour out a flood of his most characteristic voluptuous music without stopping the action. In the second act, also, nothing could be better for the musician's purpose than the scene in which Moïna stands on the sea-banks by the stormy sea, waiting for news of her lover, and betraying her fears; and nothing could be better than the scene between her and Lionel, from his entry to her swoon after she has killed him.

The first thing that strikes one in the music is that Mr. de Lara has been studying Wagner; though the truth may be simply that he has thrown off, to a great extent, the combination of the French and drawing-room styles which he affected in his youth, and is learning to speak in the modern idiom. But there can be no mistake as to the greater continuity of his music (compared with "Amy Robsart"), the nearer attainment to a real atmosphere, and the more manly and musicianly quality of the instrumentation. The overture is possibly the least satisfactory piece in the opera. It opens well enough with a passage, not a real theme, afterwards much worked in the scenes intended to give us some notion of the atmosphere in which the drama is to be enacted; but then it tails off into a series of rather cheap and scrappy variations on an Irish melody ("The Wearing of the Green," I believe) with "The British Grenadiers" thrown in by fifes behind the curtain. Mr. de Lara's old tendency to take things easily and not to compose music which carries one irresistibly forward is shown by his habit of repeating a phrase a fourth above, which gives a feeling of subsidence to a resting-place, whereas to repeat it a fifth above leads on naturally to the next passage, as every fugue-writer knows; and also by the poor orchestration of such passages as bars 10-12, which should surely be double fortissimo, and of the final repetition of the Irish melody, where the strings should certainly saw about in all directions to give fulness and a sense of busy life to the music. But when the curtain rises we at once get something

better: indeed nothing better or more appropriate could be desired than Kormack's first piece of exalted declamation or the wild introduction to it. Throughout the opera Mr. de Lara has made use of old songs—"The Three Ravens" (or crows), "The Wearing of the Green," "The Girl I left behind me," "Old King Cole" and so on—in more or less elaborately disguised forms; and when Lionel and his men first come on the first and last are introduced in a perfectly natural manner and with excellent results. The only fault to be found with the theme that accompanies the Sheriff is that it is far too stately for the part as the part was played by Melchissédec: so good is it that if Professor Stanford or Parry were to use it for the hero of an oratorio a section of the London Press would gush for a fortnight about its nobility. Better still is the theme that (virtually) represents Lionel, not as captain of the bottle-greens, but as Don Juan. It is a melody that strikes the true note, indicates his character, at once without fumbling; and moreover is susceptible of development in the direction of more intense expressiveness as Lionel's passion becomes more and more fervent; and in the last scene (as I shall presently show) it is used to produce an effect of horror that no other English composer has attained. And best of all is the love music of Patrick and Moïna. That it is dramatically appropriate cannot be claimed: it savours more of the drawing-room than of the Irish mud-hovel; but it expresses a very real phase of love, and one that has not been worked, or more than slightly touched, by other opera-writers. Of course it has a good deal of Mr. de Lara's old lusciousness, but in the present instance that can scarcely be objected to; and moreover the lusciousness is redeemed by a measure of intrinsic beauty which the de Lara of the old days never dreamed of, and has at times a suspicion of acid that adds piquancy to the sugary draught. I pass over the remainder of the act as being mostly fair stuff, occasionally cheap, and always dramatically effective. The most powerful scene in the drama—or perhaps I should say the nearest approach to a really powerful scene—is that between Moïna and the Captain. I had not thought Mr. de Lara capable of writing music so weird and expressive of impending disaster as the introduction or Moïna's speech. When Lionel enters the note of tragedy just misses being fairly struck; but nothing is missed when he develops his propositions to Moïna in music of the most Juanesque sort; and an atmosphere of indescribable horror is got after the climax, as the boat with the dead captain drifts away over the dark stormy sea. After this there is only one thing more that demands mention. Patrick comes on, and the pair make rather superfluous love; they see the lights of the French fleet and in an exalted mood determine to rise at once; then the boat with the red lamp is seen in the far distance while Lionel's love theme is softly played; and the sounds of English fifes are heard, and Moïna declares that Lionel is now taking vengeance on her. This is not only the best passage Mr. de Lara has ever written, but shows that in spite of his inclination to think more of the orchestra than of the stage he has a sense of dramatic effect which will serve him well when he proceeds to write something as much better than "Moïna" as "Moïna" is better than "Amy Robsart." A summing up is unnecessary, but I may add that though at first I thought "Moïna" quite out of the question for the English stage, on consideration I am disposed to take the opposite view. If the last scene were shorn a little there is no reason why the opera should not be as successful here as it will be on the Continent.

It is not needful to say much about the Monte Carlo performance. Maurel did Lionel in his most magnificent manner and simply eclipsed the other artists. Van Dyck, as Patrick, dressed in a fashion laughable to an English eye; and he persisted in howling passages that should have been—indeed are marked to be—sung in a whisper. Bellincioni (Moïna) sang poorly and overacted as of old, showing that although she has notions she has no sense whatever of beauty. Kormack was done effectively by Bouvet, who showed no signs of being the victim of any artistic scruples. But it is fair to say that all the artists worked as though they were trying to do their best for Mr. de Lara; and

as the permanent orchestra of Monte Carlo is an excellent one, and has in Mr. Leon Jehin a most able conductor, the opera went off with an effectiveness that could not have been anticipated by any one who had attended the rehearsals of separate scenes. The stage is a small one, but within its limits Mr. Gunsbourg, the director of the theatre, did miracles in the way of mounting; and he managed also to make the chorus act with a degree of vigour of which we rarely see anything at Covent Garden. Consequently an audience accustomed to London performances and performances at Paris—about which I shall say something next week—worked itself up to a pitch of rapturous enthusiasm.

J. F. R.

## SHAKESPEARE IN MANCHESTER.

"Antony and Cleopatra." Shakespearean revival by Mr. Louis Calvert at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester.

SHAKESPEARE is so much the word-musician that mere practical intelligence, no matter how well prompted by dramatic instinct, cannot enable anybody to understand his works or arrive at a right execution of them without the guidance of a fine ear. At the emotional climaxes in his works we find passages which are Rossinian in their reliance on symmetry of melody and impressiveness of march to redeem poverty of meaning. In fact, we have got so far beyond Shakespeare as a man of ideas that there is by this time hardly a famous passage in his works that is considered fine on any other ground than that it sounds beautifully, and awakens in us the emotion that originally expressed itself by its beauty. Strip it of that beauty of sound by prosaic paraphrase, and you have nothing left but a platitude that even an American professor of ethics would blush to offer to his disciples. Wreck that beauty by a harsh, jarring utterance, and you will make your audience wince as if you were singing Mozart out of tune. Ignore it by "avoiding sing-song"—that is, ingeniously breaking the verse up so as to make it sound like prose, as the professional elocutionist prides himself on doing—and you are landed in a stilted, monstrous jargon that has not even the prosaic merit of being intelligible. Let me give one example: Cleopatra's outburst at the death of Antony:—

"O withered is the garland of the war,  
The soldier's pole is fallen: young boys and girls  
Are level now with men: the odds is gone,  
And there is nothing left remarkable  
Beneath the visiting moon."

This is not good sense—not even good grammar. If you ask what does it all mean, the reply must be that it means just what its utterer feels. The chaos of its thought is a reflection of her mind, in which one can vaguely discern a wild illusion that all human distinction perishes with the gigantic distinction between Antony and the rest of the world. Now it is only in music, verbal or other, that the feeling which plunges thought into confusion can be artistically expressed. Any attempt to deliver such music prosaically would be as absurd as an attempt to speak an oratorio of Handel's, repetitions and all. The right way to declaim Shakespeare is the sing-song way. Mere metric accuracy is nothing. There must be beauty of tone, expressive inflection, and infinite variety of *nuance* to sustain the fascination of the infinite monotony of the chanting.

Miss Janet Achurch, now playing Cleopatra in Manchester, has a magnificent voice, and is as full of ideas as to vocal effects as to everything else on the stage. The march of the verse and the strenuousness of the rhetoric stimulate her great artistic susceptibility powerfully; she is determined that Cleopatra shall have rings on her fingers and bells on her toes, and that she shall have music wherever she goes. Of the hardihood of ear with which she carries out her original and often audacious conceptions of Shakespearean music I am too utterly unnerved to give any adequate description. The lacerating discord of her wailings is in my tormented ears as I write, reconciling me to the grave. It is as if she had been excited by the Hallelujah Chorus to dance on the keyboard of a great organ with all the stops pulled out. I cannot—dare not—dwell on it. I admit

that when she is using the rich middle of her voice in a quite normal and unstudied way, intent only on the feeling of the passage, the effect leaves nothing to be desired; but the moment she raises the pitch to carry out some deeply planned vocal masterstroke, or is driven by Shakespeare himself to attempt a purely musical execution of a passage for which no other sort of execution is possible, then—well then, hold on tightly to the elbows of your stall, and bear it like a man. And when the feat is accompanied, as it sometimes is, by bold experiments in facial expression which all the passions of Cleopatra, complicated by seventy-times-sevenfold demoniacal possession, could but faintly account for, the eye has to share the anguish of the ear instead of consoling it with Miss Achurch's beauty. I have only seen the performance once; and I would not unsee it again if I could; but none the less I am a broken man after it. I may retain always an impression that I have actually looked on Cleopatra enthroned dead in her regal robes, with her hand on Antony's, and her awful eyes inhibiting the victorious Cæsar. I grant that this "resolution" of the discord is grand and memorable; but oh! how infernal the discord was whilst it was still unresolved! That is the word that sums up the objection to Miss Achurch's Cleopatra in point of sound: it is discordant.

I need not say that at some striking points Miss Achurch's performance shows the same exceptional inventiveness and judgment in acting as her Ibsen achievements did, and that her energy is quite on the grand scale of the play. But even if we waive the whole musical question—and that means waiving the better half of Shakespeare—she would still not be Cleopatra. Cleopatra says that the man who has seen her "hath seen some majesty, and should know." One conceives her as a trained professional queen, able to put on at will the deliberate artificial dignity which belongs to the technique of court life. She may keep it for state occasions, like the unaffected Catherine of Russia, or always retain it, like Louis XIV., in whom affectation was nature; but that she should have no command of it—that she should rely in modern republican fashion on her personal force, with a frank contempt for ceremony and artificiality, as Miss Achurch does, is to spurn her own part. And then, her beauty is not the beauty of Cleopatra. I do not mean merely that she is not "with Phœbus' amorous pinches black," or brown, bean-eyed and pickaxe-faced. She is not even the English (or Anglo-Jewish) Cleopatra, the serpent of old Thames. She is of the broad-browed, column-necked, Germanic type—the Wagner heroine type—which in England, where it must be considered as the true racial heroic type, has given us two of our most remarkable histrionic geniuses in Miss Achurch herself and our dramatic singer, Miss Marie Brema, both distinguished by great voices, busy brains, commanding physical energy, and untameable impetuosity and originality. Now this type has its limitations, one of them being that it has not the genius of worthlessness, and so cannot present it on the stage otherwise than as comic depravity or masterful wickedness. Adversity makes it superhuman, not subhuman, as it makes Cleopatra. When Miss Achurch comes on one of the weak, treacherous, affected streaks in Cleopatra, she suddenly drops from an Egyptian warrior queen into a naughty English petite bourgeoisie, who carries off a little greediness and a little voluptuousness by a very unheroic sort of prettiness. That is, she treats it as a stroke of comedy; and as she is not a comedian, the stroke of comedy becomes in her hands a bit of fun. When the bourgeoisie turns into a wild cat, and literally snarls and growls menacingly at the bearer of the news of Antony's marriage with Octavia, she is at least more Cleopatra; but when she masters herself, as Miss Achurch does, not in gipsy fashion, but by a heroic-grandiose act of self-mastery, quite foreign to the nature of the "triple turned wanton" (as Mr. Calvert bawdierizes it) of Shakespeare, she is presently perplexed by fresh strokes of comedy—

"He's very knowing.

I do perceive 't: there's nothing in her yet:

The fellow has good judgment."

At which what can she do but relapse farcically into the bourgeoisie again, since it is not on the heroic side of her to feel elegantly self-satisfied whilst she is saying



mean and silly things, as the true Cleopatra does? Miss Achurch's finest feat in this scene was the terrible look she gave the messenger when he said, in dispraise of Octavia, "And I do think she's thirty"—Cleopatra being of course much more. Only, as Miss Achurch had taken good care not to look more, the point was a little lost on Manchester. Later on she is again quite in her heroic element (and out of Cleopatra's) in making Antony fight by sea. Her "I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better," and her overbearing of the counsels of Enobarbus and Canidius to fight by land are effective, but effective in the way of a Boadicea, worth ten guzzling Antonys. There is no suggestion of the petulant folly of the spoiled beauty who has not imagination enough to know that she will be frightened when the fighting begins. Consequently when the audience, already puzzled as to how to take Cleopatra, learns that she has run away from the battle, and afterwards that she has sold Antony to Cæsar, it does not know what to think. The fact is, Miss Achurch steals Antony's thunder and Shakespeare's thunder and Ibsen's thunder and her own thunder so that she may ride the whirlwind for the evening; and though this *Walkürenritt* is intense and imposing, in spite of the discords, the lapses into farce, and the failure in comedy and characterization—though once or twice a really memorable effect is reached—yet there is not a stroke of Cleopatra in it; and I submit that to bring an ardent Shakespearean like myself all the way to Manchester to see "Antony and Cleopatra" with Cleopatra left out, even with Brynhild-cum-Nora Helmer substituted, is a very different matter to bringing down soft-hearted persons like Mr. Clement Scott and Mr. William Archer, who have allowed Miss Achurch to make Ibsen-and-Wagner pie of our poor Bard's historical masterpiece without a word of protest.

And yet all that I have said about Miss Achurch's Cleopatra cannot convey half the truth to those who have not seen Mr. Louis Calvert's Antony. It is on record that Antony's cooks put a fresh boar on the spit every hour, so that he should never have to wait long for his dinner. Mr. Calvert looks as if he not only had the boars put on the spit, but ate them. He is inexcusably fat: Mr. Bouchier is a sylph by comparison. You will conclude, perhaps, that his fulness of habit makes him ridiculous as a lover. But not at all. It is only your rhetorical tragedian whose effectiveness depends on the oblateness of his waistcoat. Mr. Calvert is a comedian—brimming over with genuine humane comedy. His one really fine tragic effect is the burst of laughter at the irony of fate with which, as he lies dying, he learns that the news of Cleopatra's death, on the receipt of which he mortally wounded himself, is only one of her theatrical, sympathy-catching lies. As a lover, he leaves his Cleopatra far behind. His features are so pleasant, his manner so easy, his humour so genial and tolerant, and his portliness so frank and unashamed, that no good-natured woman could resist him; and so the topsiturnitude of the performance culminates in the plainest evidence that Antony is the seducer of Cleopatra instead of Cleopatra of Antony. Only at one moment was Antony's girth awkward. When Eros, who was a slim and rather bony young man, fell on his sword, the audience applauded sympathetically. But when Antony in turn set about the Happy Despatch, the consequences suggested to the imagination were so awful that shrieks of horror arose in the pit; and it was a relief when Antony was borne off by four stalwart soldiers, whose sinews cracked audibly as they heaved him up from the floor.

Here, then, we have Cleopatra tragic in her comedy, and Antony comedic in his tragedy. We have Cleopatra heroically incapable of flattery or flirtation, and Antony with a wealth of blarney in every twinkle of his eye and every fold of his chin. We have, to boot, certain irrelevant but striking projections of Miss Achurch's genius, and a couple of very remarkable stage pictures invented by the late Charles Calvert. But in so far as we have "Antony and Cleopatra," we have it partly through the genius of the author, who imposes his conception on us through the dialogue in spite of everything that can be done to contradict him, and partly through the efforts of the secondary performers.

Of these Mr. George F. Black, who plays Octavius

Cæsar, speaks blank verse rightly, if a little roughly, and can find his way to the feeling of the line by its cadence. Mr. Mollison—who played Henry IV. here to Mr. Tree's Falstaff—is Enobarbus, and spouts the description of the barge with all the honours. The minor parts are handled with the spirit and intelligence that can always be had by a manager who really wants them. A few of the actors are certainly very bad; but they suffer rather from an insane excess of inspiration than from apathy. Charmian and Iras (Miss Ada Mellon and Miss Maria Fauvet) produce an effect out of all proportion to their scanty lines by the conviction and loyalty with which they support Miss Achurch; and I do not see why Cleopatra should ungratefully take Iras's miraculous death as a matter of course by omitting the lines beginning "Have I the aspic in my lips," nor why Charmian should be robbed of her fine reply to the Roman's "Charmian, is this well done?" "It is well done, and fitted for a princess descended of so many royal kings." No doubt the Cleopatras of the palmy days objected to anyone but themselves dying effectively, and so such cuts became customary; but the objection does not apply to the scene as arranged in Manchester. Modern managers should never forget that if they take care of the minor actors the leading ones will take care of themselves.

May I venture to suggest to Dr. Henry Watson that his incidental music, otherwise irreproachable, is in a few places much too heavily scored to be effectively spoken through? Even in the entr'actes the brass might be spared in view of the brevity of the intervals and the almost continuous strain for three hours on the ears of the audience. If the music be revived later as a concert suite, the wind can easily be restored.

Considering that the performance requires an efficient orchestra and chorus, plenty of supernumeraries, ten or eleven distinct scenes, and a cast of twenty-four persons, including two leading parts of the first magnitude; that the highest price charged for admission is three shillings; and that the run is limited to eight weeks, the production must be counted a triumph of management. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that any London manager could have made a revival of "Antony and Cleopatra" more interesting. Certainly none of them would have planned that unforgettable statue death for Cleopatra, for which, I suppose, all Miss Achurch's sins against Shakespeare will be forgiven her. I begin to have hopes of a great metropolitan vogue for that lady now, since she has at last done something that is thoroughly wrong from beginning to end.

G. B. S.

## MONEY MATTERS.

THE Bank of England Return this week shows no important change in either direction. Gold keeps coming in from abroad, and the Reserve is strengthened to the extent of £241,000, as compared with the previous week, but that is a change of very little consequence. The figures of the Return are, however, quite of the nature to justify a reduction in the Bank Rate were it not for the political unrest which regulates market fluctuations with an irritating monotony.

One of the most surprising features of Stock Exchange affairs at present—and one of the most reassuring—is the remarkable steadiness of what are called "International" Stocks. They have fallen, of course, but not to the extent which would indicate any serious apprehension of trouble. The crucial question of late has been not whether there was to be a war, but whether the speculators on the Paris Bourse would be able to tide over the difficulties created by the recent—and still smouldering—political crisis. Those who are in touch with the Continental Bourses say that the weaker vessels have been got rid of, that there are no important matters overhanging the Paris market; and that, consequently, the outlook, from the financial point of view, is tranquil. It is a healthy sign that, amidst all the turmoil, time is found to discuss the movements of Rio Tinto Copper shares, not as a reflex of political developments, but in the cold light of statistics. The latest published figures show that the visible supply is increasing; the price of the metal has

fallen, and it is to that, and not to the fear of war, that the decline in Rio Tintos is attributed.

It is remarkable, on the whole, how well prices are maintained in the Home Railway Market. There is no disposition to buy for speculative or semi-speculative purposes; and there are adverse influences at work, such as the trouble in the engineering trade in Scotland, which has kept down the quotations of the Scotch railway stocks. But the traffic returns generally are of the most favourable character, and they counteract to a very great extent the disturbing political influences. Another favourable factor is the anticipation of a great increase of passenger business in the spring and summer in connexion with the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. This applies particularly to the southern lines with their Continental steamboat services, but in a less degree it is applicable to all the railway companies with London termini. The fashionable stocks of the moment are Great Eastern Ordinary and London & South-Western Deferred, both on account of their Continental connexions. Chathams and South-Easterns have already had their turns. The probable course of events is that one after another will be taken up and dropped, until such time as the fluctuations from hour to hour are exempt from the influence of the war scares, which are now as regular in their recurrence as the advent of the successive editions of the evening papers.

It continues to be useless to discuss in detail the course of the American Railroad Market. The business done here is of quite insignificant extent. On the other side of the Atlantic the prospect of a new and rigorous Protective tariff seems to be regarded as encouraging, and the tone keeps firm. But British investors are tired of the ways of American railway people, and in order to restore their interest in such stocks there will be required something more attractive than the prospect of the establishment of a Customs tariff directly aimed at British trade.

Mining investors and speculators seem disposed to take a less hysterically pessimistic view of the outlook as regards South African mining ventures. The better class of dividend-paying mining shares are particularly in request. There is no frantic demand such as there was during the last "boom," but prices are creeping up slowly in the style of investment stocks. We may instance Wolhuters, which had gone as low as £3, and have recovered by easy stages to £4. But there is as yet no indication of a revival of any speculative interest in the market. That will not arise until the pending disputes are settled. Members of the Stock Exchange and others who study the course of events bearing on financial matters are by no means confident that an open rupture can be avoided, but they do feel confident that it will at least be postponed so as not to mar the ceremonies and festivities of the Diamond Jubilee.

There has been during the week an encouraging spurt in the Westralian Mining Market, due, as on recent occasions, to buying from the Colony. The discovery of telluride ore in various quarters is giving a much-wanted impetus to this market, and the indications are that, if extraneous difficulties disappeared, the market would go ahead. The connexion between mining in Western Australia and the Concert of Europe is not obvious at first sight, but it is real.

The shareholders of the West Australian Joint Stock Trust and Finance Corporation have every reason to congratulate themselves. The position of the Corporation was exhaustively dealt with by the chairman at its first ordinary meeting on the 17th inst., and he referred with no small amount of pride to the fact that the Corporation had been able to distribute a dividend of 100 per cent. for the year. The results seem to have been fully appreciated by the shareholders, as they insisted that the directors should take their full rights in regard to the fees provided for in the Articles of Association. These, we should imagine, will prove to be of a very substantial character, as, besides a minimum remuneration, it is provided that when the dividends exceed 20 per cent. a further remuneration accrues.

The Report of the Glasgow & South-Western Railway Company should put to the blush the directors of the more important Caledonian and North British Companies, who have so signally failed to come up to the expectations of most of the stockholders. Notwithstanding the augmented traffic and returns of most of the Scottish lines, the Glasgow & South-Western Company is the only one which can show an increase in net revenue on the year's workings. During the last eight years the gross receipts have increased 20 per cent., or £265,000 in cash, while the working expenses for the same period have only increased to the extent of £188,000. Four per Cent. Preference stock has been created to the extent of £948,000, of which £193,650 still remains to be issued, whereas no Ordinary stock whatever has been issued since 1881, so that now only 35 per cent. of the total capital is represented by the Ordinary stock. It is interesting, therefore, to observe that of the amount added to net revenue during the past eight years nearly 75 per cent. has been distributed among the holders of Ordinary stock, who have thus reaped to a very considerable degree the benefits derived from the increase in the profits of the Company.

We understand that Schweppe & Company, Limited, will shortly be converted into a new company, with a capital of £1,200,000, divided up as follows:—£300,000 of Four per Cent. Debentures, £300,000 of Five per Cent. Preference shares, £300,000 of Seven per Cent. Ordinary shares, and £300,000 of Deferred shares. The business and assets will be taken over as from 1 January, 1892. The profits on last year's working amounted to £60,000, and the Company have paid the following dividends:—1891-3, 12 per cent.; 1894, 10 per cent.; and 1895, 11 per cent. We think the flotation of Schweppe's with a capital of £1,200,000 will prove more acceptable to the investing public than that of Apollinaris and Johannis with its curiously uninformative prospectus and its modest capital of £3,230,000.

The accounts of the Mining Transport and General Finance Company, Limited, show sufficient funds in hand to pay quarterly dividends at the rate of 10 per cent. for the next twelve months, the Company's large holdings in the Golden Horse Shoe, the Victorian and Champion Reefs, West Australia, and other properties having considerably increased in value.

#### NEW ISSUES, &c.

##### TRAFFORD PARK ESTATES, LIMITED.

The issue is announced by this Company of 3,500 First Debentures, each of £100, bearing interest at 4 per cent. per annum, and redeemable at 105 per cent. at any time after 1 January, 1902. The ordinary capital consists of 650,000 £1 shares, of which 550,000 are held by the directors and their friends and the remaining 100,000 by the chairman, Mr. E. T. Hooley, who is also the vendor of the estate. At first sight we were not inclined to be enthusiastic over the prospects of the ordinary shareholders. It seemed to us that a property which, we have reason to believe, cost the vendor little more than £350,000 was too highly valued at £650,000, even though he undertook out of that sum to provide £100,000 of working capital. But the shareholders were doubtless attracted by the fact that the Trafford Park Estate, which contains some 1,200 acres, has a frontage of upwards of three miles to the Manchester Ship Canal and of some two and a half miles to the Bridgewater Canal, and that a considerable profit might consequently be expected from its wharfage rights. We understand that these anticipations have so far been fully justified in that the Company has disposed of 20 acres of the property for £60,000, or £3,000 an acre. We learn also from the prospectus now before us that a railway across the estate to connect with the Manchester Dock railways is projected, and that negotiations are in progress for the sale of portions of the land to a number of commercial undertakings, including tar distillation works, patent fuel works, oil-storage tanks, saw-mills, a flour-mill, malting-houses, a seed-crushing mill, a cotton-mill, a dry dock, and a



shipbuilding yard; while the Hall is to be converted into an hotel, and golf-links, a recreation-ground and even a racecourse are also in contemplation. Surely a sufficiently comprehensive programme, and one that may reasonably have tempted those less eager speculators who like to have some substantial security for their money. With these, however, and their prospective gains or disappointments we are not here concerned. The present issue consists merely of prosaic Four per Cent. Debentures, and the question which the public have to consider is what security they will have for the £350,000 they are asked to subscribe. This security will consist, first, of the estate itself; secondly, of the £100,000 of "working capital"; and, thirdly, of the sum of £42,000 which is to be deposited with the Company's bankers in the names of the Trustees for the Debenture-holders, to cover payment of the interest for the first three years while the resources of the property are being developed. We recommend these Debentures to those investors who wish, without risking their capital, to obtain a better rate of interest than is yielded nowadays by "gilt-edged" stocks.

#### HEARL & TONKS (1897), LIMITED.

This Company has been formed to acquire the business of Messrs. Hearl & Tonks, of Birmingham, the manufacturers of the "Imperial" cycles. The capital consists of 50,000 Seven per Cent. Preference shares of £1 each and 110,000 £1 Ordinary shares; and the vendor's price is £160,000, out of which he undertakes to pay all preliminary expenses and to provide £20,000 as working capital. He has also agreed to take £25,000 of the purchase-money half in Preference shares and half in Ordinary shares, or all in Ordinary shares, at the option of the Company. It appears from the Accountant's certificate that the net profit for the year ended 30 September, 1896, was £11,682, and that the sales for the five months ended 28 February, 1897, exceeded those for the corresponding period of the previous year by 66 per cent.; and the prospectus guarantees a profit of not less than £20,000 for the current year. Without endorsing the somewhat sanguine expectations of the directors, we may point out that a net profit of the same amount as was realized in the year ended September 1896 would suffice to pay a dividend of 7 per cent. on both Preference and Ordinary shares, and it is fair to expect some increase of profit from the additional £20,000 of working capital to be provided. For these reasons we do not hesitate to recommend the Preference shares as an attractive investment, but applicants for the Ordinary shares must be guided by their own views as to how long the cycling craze is likely to endure. For the next few years they are tolerably sure of good dividends; but the prudent among them will remember that fashions change in recreations as in other things, and they will treat quite half of their receipts as returned capital.

#### HANMAN'S CYCLE AND NEEDLE COMPANY, LIMITED.

This does not strike us as at all a promising field for investment. The Company has been promoted by Mr. John Hanman to acquire the businesses of the Hanman Cycle Company, Limited, Messrs. S. Thomas & Sons, of the British Needle and Fish Hook Mills, Redditch, and the Radiant Cycle Company, Limited. The Hanman Cycle Company was only formed in June of last year, and, so far as we can gather from the report of a firm of auctioneers and valuers at Redditch, it at present finds itself in the awkward position of having £4,296 of liabilities and only £4,244 in cash, while a large number of orders remain unexecuted. To be sure, there are book debts to the amount of £4,613, but the actual cash value of this asset is a matter of conjecture. The issue now advertised consists of 85,000 Ordinary £1 shares and 250 Six per Cent. £100 Mortgage Debentures, representing a total sum of £110,000, of which £105,000 has been paid as the purchase money, leaving only £5,000 for working capital. Now, what are the prospects of the shareholders and debenture-holders? In eight and a half months the Hanman Cycle Company has turned out 2,989 machines, and has made a net profit of £4,158, exclusive of directors' fees and allowances and of interest, and inclusive, no doubt, of the "book debts" above-mentioned. It is assumed that

during the three and a half months remaining to make up a complete year of work the Company will turn out as many as 3,400 machines, and also that, owing to this more rapid rate of production, the rate of profit per machine will be greater than hitherto; and on the basis of these very liberal assumptions the profits of the Hanman Cycle Company are "guaranteed" at £9,000 a year. As to this we need only note that, even taking the book debts at their nominal value, the profits for one year on the basis of the results already ascertained for eight and a half months would, as a matter of arithmetic, be only £5,870. As for the "Cycle and Needle Department at Redditch," we have vainly searched the prospectus for any evidence of the £3,500 at which the annual profits are estimated, nor are we informed whether this sum represents gross or net profits. The remaining asset of the new Company consists of properties at Redditch and at Sparkbrook, Birmingham, stated to produce a gross rental of £1,506 per annum. We doubt whether the public will consider this a sufficient security for debentures on which the annual interest will amount to £1,500; and we are more than sceptical as to the adequacy of the odd £6 a year, plus the problematical profits of these businesses, to yield a satisfactory return on the £85,000 of Ordinary capital.

#### RIDLER'S AND LOWESTOFT HOTELS, LIMITED.

The capital of this concern consists of 50,000 Five and a Half per Cent. Preference shares of £1 each and 70,000 £1 Ordinary shares. There is also an issue of £80,000 Four per Cent. Debentures at a premium of 2 per cent. The promoter is Mr. John Whaley, formerly proprietor of the well-known Wood's Hotel, Furnival's Inn, which was pulled down a few years ago; and the properties to be acquired are Ridler's Hotel, in Holborn, and the Royal Hotel and Grand Hotel at Lowestoft. The whole of the capital, together with the premiums on the Debentures, makes up the purchase price of £121,600, of which, however, only £20,000 will be taken in cash, £61,600 in cash or shares at the option of the Company, and the remaining £40,000 in Ordinary shares. The profits of the three undertakings are certified to have amounted during the last completed year in each case to £7,947, and after payment of the Debenture interest and the Preferential dividend (£5,950 in all) there would remain some £2,000 for directors' fees, &c., and Ordinary dividend. It is estimated that this amount will be very largely increased (Mr. Whaley thinks to the extent of £5,400 a year) by the projected reconstruction and enlargement of Ridler's Hotel. On the other hand, that property will be held at a considerably enhanced rental, and investors should also notice that the Royal Hotel at Lowestoft is to be taken on a lease of only twenty-one years. We consider that the prospects of the Ordinary shares are not good enough to justify the heavy commercial risks attendant upon concerns of this nature; and even the Preference stock does not seem to us very attractive. The Debentures, however, which will be secured on the various freehold and leasehold properties of the Company, appear to offer a sound investment.

#### WAMPACH'S HOTEL, LIMITED.

This hotel is, of course, well known at Folkestone, and according to the Accountants' certificate the profits for the past three years have exceeded £2,400 a year. The issue is announced of 15,000 Six per Cent. Preference shares of £1 each, 20,000 Ordinary £1 shares, and £20,000 Four per Cent. Debentures; but practically only the Preference stock and Debentures are offered to the public, the vendor taking the Ordinary shares, together with the £15,000 to be paid for the Preference shares, as the purchase price. The £20,000 raised on Debentures is to be applied to the enlargement and improvement of the premises, which with the plant will constitute the Debenture-holders' security. We do not think, however, that comparatively small undertakings of this kind are at all suitable for 4 per cent. investments.

#### QUESNELLE RIVER GOLD DREDGING COMPANY, LIMITED.

The capital of this Company consists of 55,000 £1 shares, of which 20,000 are now offered for public sub-

scription. It is formed for the acquisition of a mining lease from the Government of British Columbia, granting the exclusive right of dredging for gold and precious metals in the sand and gravel of three miles of the Quesnelle River, in Cariboo, British Columbia. These undertakings are necessarily of a highly speculative order, and we imagine that the estimate furnished by the Company's engineer, and published in the prospectus, of a profit of £24,000 a year will be accepted with considerable reserve by investors. It is, however, in the Company's favour that the amount of capital is small, that a sum of £15,000 is to be reserved for working capital, and that the vendor is willing to take the whole of the purchase-money in shares. The concern, of course, is nothing more nor less than a "gamble"; but it may be as good as any other venture of the kind.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### MR. LIPPERT AND THE DYNAMITE CONCESSION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

HÔTEL DE LONDRES, ROME, 7 March, 1897.

SIR,—Your issue of 27 February, dealing under the head of "The Grievances of the Outlanders," *inter alia*, with my person and my affairs, has just come under my eye. Will you have the kindness to publish the following correction of the erroneous statements made by you about my person?

In 1887 I obtained the Dynamite Concession, and sold it, as provided in that concession, to a company in 1888 in return for some royalty. I had no share or interest in that company, nor any share or control of the management of it. Ever since 1888 I have not been the holder of the concession or monopoly, I have never directly or indirectly imported or caused to be imported one pound of explosives or material of any nature, and consequently I have not defrauded the Transvaal Treasury, nor have I ever been charged to have done so, nor have I ever been the Government Agent. Ever since 1888 I have been merely the Agent in South Africa of a European Company, and as such had the charge of the sale and distribution of their importations or manufactures to the mining companies. As their Agent it was my duty to defend their interests and mine, and that I hope to have done to the best of my ability.

It is untrue that ever at any time or in any year have I reaped a benefit of £100,000 a year, or anything at all like it, from the sale of explosives.

So far as concerns my own person. To go into the subject-matter itself would only give me the choice of characterizing the information communicated to you as coming from an ignorant or a malafide source, and I will therefore abstain from correcting what has so frequently been disproved before.

But if you will allow me the space, I will put before those of your readers who have preserved an open mind on the subject just a few facts easily verified and not controversial.

In 1895, when Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Beit became dissatisfied, the price of 12 dynamite at Johannesburg was 85s., and the consumption 120,000 cases. In that same year the price of 12 dynamite in Kimberley was 72s. 6d. In Kimberley there was no monopoly, nor any impediment to import dynamite from the lowest markets of the world; both Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Beit were directors and life governors of the Kimberley Diamond Mines, and had surely the same interest to procure cheap explosives for their mines in Kimberley as they evinced for their mines in the Transvaal. Every reasonable person will therefore accept the statement that dynamite could not be obtained in Kimberley under 72s. 6d. in 1895.

It must be taken into account that Kimberley was one large consumer, storing its own dynamite and paying cash for it, not requiring agents for distribution, nor magazine rent, fire insurance, or provision for bad debts, while at Johannesburg the Dynamite Company had to distribute the dynamite to over one hundred companies along fifty miles of reef, and has to store

and insure the explosives, wait for payment and bear any bad debts.

As I cannot figure out the equivalent of this difference in the circumstances in values that may not be controverted, I will leave it out of the actual calculation.

What remains is this: that Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Beit at their mines in Johannesburg paid 12s. 6d. per case more for their dynamite in 1895 than Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Beit paid for the same article at their mines in Kimberley—12s. 6d. per case on 120,000 cases (the consumption of 1895) gives £75,000.

£75,000 is a good round sum, but it is not £400,000, as your article states, nor £600,000, as Mr. Rhodes puts it, and is after all not so very heavy a sum in a gold output of 8 millions sterling, and a dividend of 4 millions sterling declared in 1895, to entitle it to be called a grievance.

An enemy of the Transvaal Government might go so far as to say that the Dynamite Monopoly of the Government has reduced the dividends paid by the Johannesburg gold mines in 1895 from £4,000,000 sterling to £3,925,000. That is all.—Yours very truly,  
ED. LIPPERT.

[We must confess that Mr. Lippert's letter has astonished and disappointed us. Mr. Lippert has a South African reputation; every one at Kimberley and Johannesburg speaks of him as being a very clever man, a first-rate speaker too, which is a rare distinction for a German using a foreign tongue. Of course South African reputations, won as they are in an English-speaking population numbering scarcely a quarter of a million, men, women, and children, are generally somewhat cheap; the ablest men in a provincial town like Sheffield or Leeds would probably not cut a great figure in London; but at the same time reputation, however ill founded, has a certain glamour, and we expected a dexterous and ingenious, if not exactly an able, defence from Mr. Lippert. Our disappointment was proportionately keen when we found that his case consisted of a misstatement of facts, a falsification of figures—in fact, that his chief reliance was a comfortable but cynical conviction of our ignorance. We shall try to undeceive Mr. Lippert on this head by dealing with his assertions and arguments at some length.]

The first half of Mr. Lippert's letter is taken up with a statement of his personal position and obligations which is fairly correct in regard to dates, but hardly frank enough to have any value as a correction of our article. For instance, he tells us that in 1888 he sold his Dynamite Concession to a Company "for some (*sic!*) royalty." Now this is a little vague: we prefer to say that Mr. Lippert's royalty up to 1893 was 10s. a case; from 1893 to 1896, 8s. a case; and after 1896 it was to be 6s. a case. But Mr. Lippert's vagueness is not a primary instinct, a fault of the blood; it is merely a trick of fence: for immediately after his "some (!) royalty" we find a long sentence rich in particulars and express denials. Let us deal with the important negations. Mr. Lippert declares that "ever (!) since 1888" he has "never directly or indirectly imported or caused to be imported one pound of explosives or material of any nature," and in his next sentence he avows that he has been "the agent in South Africa of a European Company, and as such had the charge of the sale and distribution of their importations or manufactures to the Mining Companies." When Mr. Lippert is explicit, he delights us; but his vagueness forces us to many words. In the above sentence "their importations or manufactures" stand for "dynamite"; and so Mr. Lippert confesses that he has been the agent for the sale and distribution of imported dynamite, though in his previous sentence he declared that he has "never directly or indirectly imported or caused to be imported one pound of explosives." Clearly Mr. Lippert is not ingenuous enough to handle a lawyer-like, precise and circumstantial phrase with any success; he had better keep to vague paraphrase. Mr. Lippert further asserts that he has "never defrauded the Transvaal Government," that he has "never been charged to have done so," and that he has not "ever been the Government agent." Well, well. Let us try to meet Mr. Lippert



half way. Will it suit him if we say that the Company to which he sold the Dynamite Concession, and of which "ever since 1888" he has been the agent and practically the directing head, did defraud the Transvaal Government, and was expressly charged by that Government with the fraud? Perhaps this is what Mr. Lippert means when he writes "As their agent it was my duty to defend their (his Company's) interests and mine," and if he will avow this frankly we on our part will confess that he has done his work "to the best of his ability."

As Mr. Lippert's profits concern the monopoly itself, we will deal with them later; for now we are eager, after disposing of Mr. Lippert's *apologia*, to pass over his strange rhetoric and come to the "few facts" respecting this disgraceful monopoly which he declares are "easily verified and not controversial."

Mr. Lippert's defence of the Dynamite Monopoly in the Transvaal is founded upon a comparison between the prices paid for dynamite at Kimberley and at Johannesburg. One thing is needed to make this comparison relevant or instructive, and that is that the date should be chosen fairly. Needless to say this is what Mr. Lippert carefully abstains from doing. The year, 1895, which he selects was the last year of a contract concluded by the De Beers Company with Nobel's Trust in 1893; the price paid was cheap for 1893, but extravagantly dear for 1895. In the beginning of 1896 the De Beers Company concluded another contract with Nobel's Dynamite Company, according to which Nobels bound themselves to provide the De Beers Company with dynamite at 57s. 6d. per case. But of this 57s. 6d. per case 12s. 6d. is the duty levied by the Cape Government; and so the price of dynamite in Kimberley is and has been since 1896 45s. a case net. Similarly the duty in the Transvaal, which is 5s. per case, must be deducted, and accordingly we find, according to Mr. Lippert, that the price of dynamite in Johannesburg is 80s. a case, as against 45s. a case in Kimberley.

But, says the ingenuous and well-informed Mr. Lippert, there exist many reasons why dynamite should cost more in Johannesburg than it costs in Kimberley, and he talks about "agents for distribution," "magazine rent," "fire insurance," "provision for bad debts," and so forth, as if these were drawbacks incidental to Johannesburg alone. Naturally he leaves unremarked the one fact which nullifies his whole argument. Johannesburg now consumes 18,000 cases of dynamite a month, while De Beers is satisfied with 8,000 cases a year. The Companies controlled by one firm on the Rand use ten times as much dynamite as the whole of Kimberley, and this firm is supposed to be as solvent as the De Beers Company itself.

We have, however, a very simple way of proving beyond possibility of denial or cavil what the net price of dynamite should be at Johannesburg, and Mr. Lippert is as well acquainted with the fact and its significance as we are. In 1894, at the time when the Transvaal Government was making Mr. Lippert its agent for the Dynamite Monopoly, Nobel's Trust offered to deliver all the dynamite needed in Johannesburg at 40s. a case; and as the consumption was then only 100,000 cases a year, and it is now over 200,000 cases a year, it is fair, and we know it to be correct, to suppose that the true net price of dynamite to-day in Johannesburg free of duty is less than 35s. a case, as against 80s. a case extorted through Lippert's monopoly. And this unjustifiable tax of 45s. a case levied on 200,000 cases amounts to £450,000 a year, and not to £75,000, as stated by Mr. Lippert. Nor must it be forgotten that the companies in Johannesburg have objected oftener and more vehemently to the execrable quality of the dynamite imposed upon them than to the extravagance of the price.

Mr. Lippert not only tries to convert this tax of £450,000 a year into a tax of £75,000, but also seeks to diminish its relative importance. He falsifies figures on both sides of the account, and then is pleased with his case. He states that the dividends paid in 1895 by the Johannesburg gold mines was £3,925,000 sterling, and declares that without the Dynamite Monopoly "an enemy of the Transvaal Government might go so far as to say" that the

dividends might have been £4,000,000. But the dividends paid in 1895 were £2,165,000, and, as we have seen, they might have been £2,615,000. The Monopoly-tax amounts to something over 20 per cent. on the net profits, and not under 2 per cent., as Mr. Lippert, a friend of the Transvaal Government rather than of truth, tries to make out.

But of this tax of £450,000 what share goes into Mr. Lippert's pocket? It is extremely difficult to speak exactly on such a point, and even to discuss it savours of impertinence. But Mr. Lippert's round statements on this head provoke us. "It is untrue," he says in his inflated style, "that ever at any time or in any year have I reaped a benefit of £100,000 a year, or anything at all like it, from the sale of explosives." Not from "the sale of explosives" Mr. Lippert, but from "the sale of the concession." You admit having had "some (*sic!*) royalty." Will you tell us how much? Also how many shares were allotted to you and to your nominees free of payment when the new Company was formed in 1892 or 1893? Or, to play with you in your own way, we are willing to assert that in the year of grace 1896 you sold your interest, or a part of it, in the Dynamite Concession Company for £300,000, half of which you received in cash, the agreement being that the other half would be paid at a stated time in the future. How does that assertion tally with your circumstantial denial which we have quoted above? We have no doubt, too, that you sold at "clearing-off" prices. It is no secret to a man of your cosmopolitan intelligence that the Dynamite Monopoly has a very uncertain lease of life. Thousands of shareholders, not only in Great Britain but in France and in Germany, are beginning to murmur against this most iniquitous impost, and when a monopoly of this nature is attacked in the nineteenth century it is certain to be ended within brief space. Nor does any Government show much tenderness to the monopolist. In getting £300,000 sterling, therefore, for your interest in the Company, you, Mr. Lippert, have once again defended your interests "to the best of your ability," and if such a defence were at all consonant with the interests of others, we should be the last to blame you. As it is, we state facts, regretting chiefly that now and then they involve personalities.—[ED. S.R.]

#### A £250 PRIZE OFFERED.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

29 LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

SIR,—Being desirous of forwarding, so far as lies in my power, a right understanding of some of the problems of Political Economy, I am writing to offer a prize of £250 to any one who will *prove* "that the abolition of the tax on the importation of corn has lowered the price of food to the consumer." There are doubtless many of your readers who on reading the above will be apt to conclude that I am allowing my feelings to get the better of my judgment, or that my money is burning a hole in my pocket. Let me assure them that this is not so, as the above statement has cost me years of thought.

At a large meeting some years ago I got up to explain that a tax on corn was not a tax on food, whereupon the chairman asked me if I meant that corn was not food. I was so "knocked over" by this that I have given up trying at public meetings to explain that all corn is food, but all food is not corn, and that the price of "food not corn" governs the price of "food corn," or, as Messrs. Mill and Fawcett put it, a general rise or fall of value is impossible; therefore it is impossible by a tax on the importation of corn to raise the price of food to the consumer.

If Messrs. Mill and Fawcett are right, then it is quite easy to see that Messrs. Cobden and Bright cost the country about £400,000,000 without conferring one iota of benefit on a single consumer in the country. It is a heavy indictment, but I am prepared to support it, and I trust you will be able to assist me, at all events, in ventilating the idea.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
ARTHUR M. SMITH.]

## REVIEWS.

## MR. HARDY'S NEW NOVEL.

"The Well-Beloved." By Thomas Hardy. London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. 1897.

THE only valid objection which has been brought against Mr. Hardy's late books is that they have, sometimes even obtrusively, lacked beauty. Large portions of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and almost all the late chapters of "Jude the Obscure" were in their essence ugly. The landscape, the sentiments, the characters were delineated with force and penetration, but they were of set purpose squalid. Now, we have always contended that Mr. Hardy, by the natural bent of his genius, is called to describe not sordid things, but what is noble and gracious, and we therefore record at once, as an element of importance in considering "The Well-Beloved," that it is permeated with the instinctive passion of beauty. No book which Mr. Hardy has ever written is more intimately concerned with personal and local and sentimental comeliness; the action of exquisite form and colour on a nature of hypersensitive perception is the central theme of the story, and however fantastic and however remote the action may be judged, there can be no question of its preoccupation with beauty. Mr. Hardy, therefore, has come back to his own province of the imagination.

In a mysterious passage, which has returned to our memory in reading "The Well-Beloved," De Quincey tells us how "those who in Pagan days caught in forests a momentary glimpse of the nymphs and sylvan goddesses were struck with a hopeless passion; they were nympholepts." If we had the task of re-naming Mr. Hardy's new novel, we should be inclined to call it the Tragicomedy of a Nympholept. The hero is one who, born on a Wessex peninsula among the ruins of a temple of Venus, has become subject almost from infancy to a fugitive ecstasy which transports him with rapturous desire, and then incontinently fades away, so that he is doomed to be forever pursuing, through the attractions of a multitude of women, a sort of ignis fatuus of love. It is to him as though the uniquely desirable quality is a light, which successively blazes from behind the eyes of woman after woman, but always retires and fades before he can satiate himself with it, only to beam forth in renewed splendour from some other place. So that, with no intentional disloyalty or pleasure in change for change's sake, he is incessantly loving and riding away, like a false knight in a Border ballad, only with this difference: that he quits the field before he has conquered and not after. It is, obviously, very difficult to present such a character as this—which in its very essence borders upon the fatuous—without challenging ridicule. So skilful is Mr. Hardy that we follow Jocelyn Pierston through a career of ineffectuality without once being tempted to laugh at him.

The course of the story runs in that curious fragment of the Dorsetshire coast which Mr. Hardy chooses to call the Isle of Slingers, but which is known to the world as the Isle of Portland. To the public at large this picturesque peninsula is familiar for its quarries and their product, and for its convict prison. The latter makes no appearance in Mr. Hardy's book; as a matter of fact, you may live on Portland and scarcely know that such a place exists. But the sculpturable white stone, that is at the very heart of the tale; and the author, by those swift transitions of his which are one of the charms of his style, is for ever reminding us of its plastic properties and its effect upon the autochthonous dwellers upon its surface. The sea beats upon a half-deserted "wharf from which St. Paul's Cathedral had sailed"; in the London Docks the hero recovers his native mood, and is an Islander again, by merely wandering among the blocks of fair white stone. This racial instinct, this similarity among those who come from the Home of the Slingers, is what differentiates true Islanders, however widely they have strayed in other lands, from the rest of the world; and this it is which unites Jocelyn Pierston, through three distant episodes, more firmly to the successive Avices than to any of their rivals.

Mr. Hardy has never written anything finer than the pages in "The Well-Beloved" in which he describes the magic asserted by the wind-swept waters of the great Deadman's Bay over the temperaments of the Islanders. The passage in which Pierston and Avice the First stand under the lighthouse at night and listen to the sound of the vast concave beneath them is worthy of comparison with the famous night-piece on Egdon Heath in "The Return of the Native" or with the description of the apple-orchards in "The Woodlanders." Here is a fragment of it:—

"At periods of a quarter of a minute there arose a deep hollow stroke like the single beat of a drum, the intervals being filled with a long-drawn rattling as of bones between huge canine jaws."

No one who has heard the rising and falling of the sea on a dyke of pebbles but will respond to the bold fidelity of this description. And this is better still:—

"The evening and night winds here were . . . charged with a something that did not burden them elsewhere. They brought it up from that sinister Bay to the west whose movement Jocelyn and Avice were hearing now. It was a presence—an imaginary shape or essence from the human multitude lying below: those who had gone down in vessels of war, East Indianmen, barges, brigs, and ships of the Armada—select people, common and debased, whose interests and hopes had been as wide asunder as the poles, but who had rolled each other to oneness on that restless sea-bed. There could almost be felt the brush of their huge composite ghost as it ran, a shapeless figure, over the isle, shrieking for some good god who would disunite it again."

It was in this atmosphere of mysterious sea-music that Jocelyn Pierston was born about forty-five years ago. His father was a well-to-do stone merchant of the Island, a dull man, but shrewd, and ready to let his only son develop his really remarkable talent for sculpture. So Jocelyn goes up to town, and becomes a successful student, and rubs off something of the Islander. But with his gentleness and his genius and his tender appreciation of beauty there has grown up within him that nympholepsy of which we have spoken, that inability to delight in anything save in a charm that flashes and then fades away, leaving him without power to do anything but follow the ecstasy as it migrates to some other human form. We understand Mr. Hardy to describe this as a symptom of neurasthenia, as an isle-bred fancy which becomes more and more dominant over the will of the sculptor. So, when he goes back to the white quarries and the moaning of Deadman's Bay, he light-heartedly determines to marry the Island-beauty, Avice Caro, after one of Mr. Hardy's familiar prompt betrothals. But Avice fails, from modesty, to keep a certain tryst, and the charm instantly and finally quits her form to take up an equally precarious station in that of Miss Marcia Bencomb. The hopelessly polygamous enthusiast, however, soon finds that the light has faded out of Marcia also, and the fantastic pursuit of the Ideal has to begin again.

It lingers only in the Island faces, and the solitary hope of happiness for Jocelyn Pierston is to come back to the peninsula, and, as they say there, to "live in the same wold way in the same wold house." There he puts the world aside. He has in process of time become a Royal Academician of high repute, a celebrated and a wealthy man. But he wearies of it all, and feels that there is no happiness for his sophisticated nature save in throwing off the trappings of life, and resigning himself to the simple bareness of beauty and sex, devoid of wit, or artifice, or talent. In Avice the Second he believes that at the age of forty he has at length found the physical shrine in which his fancy can arrest the volatile charm; but Avice the Second is as fugitive a soul as he is himself, and just when he thinks that he holds her a strange obstacle arises. A third time, at the age of sixty, in circumstances of a very curious kind, contrived with consummate delicacy of skill by the author, another opportunity occurs for him to fix the vision, and again, finally this time, the divine prospect of the Well-Beloved evades his grasp. It would not be fair to do more than indicate thus vaguely the ingenious plot of Mr. Hardy's sketch of the adventures of a temperament.



Whether the *moyen homme sensuel* will find this strange picture of erotic mirage credible or interesting we are not prepared to say. We imagine that that is a matter of profound indifference to Mr. Hardy. He is an artist of pure race, and no living writer is less moved by the laws of popular supply and demand. We must take what he chooses to give us; it is quite certain that he never allows himself to ask what we should like to receive. In many respects the weak-kneed will rejoice that Mr. Hardy has chosen once more to let his readers down lightly. He does not revel, this time, in the execution of a Tess or in the spiritual degradation of a Jude. All is this time on a much higher plane of feeling; for Mr. Hardy the tone is almost roseate, and the end of Pierston, though of a grotesque kind, is not violent, and scarcely painful. There are introduced three or four perfectly delightful figures of dainty Wessex girls, daughters of the soil such as Mr. Hardy alone can draw. If we must hint a fault, it is that the author is once again too chary in the use of the fascinating and humorous Wessex idiom. We want more of what a rustic critic of his own once called "the Darset dialogue." Can it be that he has lived so long in the world of books that he is beginning to lose his infallibility of Wessex speech? We hope that his next story will prove that it is not so.

#### VIRGIL IN ENGLISH HEXAMETERS.

"The Eclogues of Virgil." Translated into English Hexameter Verse by the Right Hon. Sir George Osborne Morgan, Bart., Q.C., M.P. London: Henry Frowde. 1897.

SIR GEORGE OSBORNE MORGAN has served his generation in much more important capacities than those of a scholar and a translator of Virgil, and had this little work, therefore, been less meritorious than it is, no critic with a sense of the becoming would deal harshly with it. But it challenges and deserves serious consideration not only as an attempt to solve a problem of singular interest to students of classical poetry, but as a somewhat ambitious contribution to the literature of translation. Sir Osborne Morgan is, however, mistaken in supposing that in translating Virgil into his own metre he "has undertaken a task which has never been attempted before." If he will turn to Webbe's "Discourse of English Poetrie," published as early as 1586, he will find versions in English hexameters of the First and Second Eclogues, and Abraham Fraunce, in a curious volume, entitled "The Countess of Pembroke's Ivy Church," which appeared in 1591, has, among the other hexameters in the collection, given a version of the Second Eclogue in this measure. But Sir Osborne Morgan has been more immediately anticipated in his experiment. In 1838 Dr. James Blundell published anonymously, under the title of "Hexametrical Experiments," versions in hexameters of the First, Fourth, Sixth, and Tenth Eclogues—and to this translation he prefixed an elaborate preface vindicating the employment of the hexameter in English, and explaining its mechanism to the unlearned. Indeed, Blundell arrived at the same conclusion as Sir Osborne Morgan, that the proper medium for an English translation of hexametrical poems in Greek and Latin is the English hexameter. We may, however, hasten to add that Sir Osborne has little to fear from a comparison with his predecessors, who have, indeed, done their best to refute by example their own theory. It may be observed in passing that the translations of Virgil into rhymed decasyllabic verse are far more numerous than Sir Osborne Morgan seems to suppose. He is, he says, acquainted only with two—the version by Dryden and Joseph Warton—not seeming to be aware that Warton translated only the Georgics and Eclogues, printing Pitt's version of the *Æneid*. The whole of Virgil was translated into this measure by John Ogilvie between 1649–50, and by the Earl of Lauderdale about 1716, while versions in heroic verse of the *Æneid*, the Georgics, and the Eclogues have abounded in every era of our literature from Gawain Douglas's translation of the *Æneid* printed in 1553 to Archdeacon Wrangham's version of the Eclogues in 1830.

It is no reproach to Sir Osborne Morgan that in the exigencies of a busy political life his scholarship should have become a little rusty, but it is a pity that he should so often have allowed himself to be caught tripping when a little timely counsel in the correction of his proof-sheets might have prevented this. In the First Eclogue the line

"Non insueta graves temptabunt pabula fetas"

is translated

"Here no unwonted herb shall tempt the travailing cattle."

What it really means is, no change of fodder, no fodder which is strange to them, shall "infect" or "try" the pregnant cattle, "insueta" being used in exactly the same sense as in Eclogue V. 56, "*insuetum miratur limen Olympi*," and "temptare" as it is used in Georg. III. 441 and commonly in classical Latin. It is, to say the least, very questionable whether in the couplet

"Pauperis et tuguri congestum cespitem culmen,  
Post aliquot, mea regna videns, mirabor aristas?"

the last line can mean

"Gaze on the straggling corn, the remains of what once was my kingdom."

"Aristas" is much more likely to be a metonymy for "messes," i.e. "annos," like *ἀροτον* in Sophocles' "Trachiniae," *ἄρον, τὸν μὲν παρελθόντ' ἀροτον*, a confirmative illustration which seems to have escaped the commentators. In Eclogue III. the somewhat difficult passage

"pocula ponam

Fagina . . .

Lenta quibus torno facili superaddita vitis

Diffusos hedera vestit pallente corymbos"—

i.e. "where the limber vine wreathed round them by the deft graving tool is twined with pale ivy's spreading clusters,"—is translated:

"Over whose side the vine by a touch of the graving tool added

Mantles its clustering grapes in the paler leaves of the ivy."

This is quite erroneous. "Corymbos" cannot possibly mean clusters of grapes, but clusters of ivy berries, "hedera pallente" being substituted, after Virgil's manner, for "hederae pallentis." In Eclogue IV. 24 there is no reason for supposing that the "fallax herba veneni" is hemlock; it is much more likely to be aconite. In line 45 "sandyx" should be translated not "purple" but "crimson," vague as the colour indicated by "purple" is. In Eclogue V.

"Si quos aut Phyllidis ignes,

Aut Alconis habes laudes, aut jurgia Codri"

is not

"Phyllis's fiery loves you would sing or the quarrels of Codrus,"

but "your passion for Phyllis, your invectives against Codrus," "ignes" being used far more becomingly for a man's love than for a woman's. So, again, "pro purpureo narcisso" cannot mean what nature never saw, "purple daffodil," but the white narcissus. In Eclogue VIII. "Sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno" is turned, by what is obviously a *lapsus calami*, "worthy of Sophocles' sock." A scholar like Sir Osborne Morgan does not need reminding that the "sock" is a metonymy for Comedy, as Milton Anglicizes it in "L'Allegro," "if Jonson's learned sock be on." In the exquisite passage in Eclogue VIII. 41—

"Jam fragiles poteram ab terrâ contingere ramos"—to translate "fragiles" as "frail" is to miss the whole point of the epithet. What Virgil means is, "I could just reach the branches from the ground and break them off"; if it is to be translated by one epithet, it must be "brittle." Again in the Ninth Eclogue the words

"quâ se subducere colles

Incipiunt, mollique jugum demittere clivo,"

do not mean "where the hills with gentle depression steal away into the plain," but the very opposite: i.e. "Where the hills begin to draw themselves up from the plain," the ascent being contemplated from below. In Eclogue IX., in turning the couplet

"Nam neque adhuc Vario videor, nec dicere Cinnâ

Digna, sed argutos inter strepere anser olores,"

the translator has no authority for turning the last verse into "a cackling goose in a chorus of cygnets," for there is no tradition that cygnets sang, and goose should

have been printed with a capital letter to preserve the pun, the allusion being to a poetaster named Anser. Unfortunately for the English translator, our literature can boast no counterpart to "Anser" *totidem literis*, but Goose printed with a capital is near enough to preserve or suggest the sarcasm. There is another slip in Eclogue X.: "Ferulas" is not "wands of willow," but "fennel." Occasionally a touch is introduced which is neither authorized by the original nor true to nature. There is nothing, for instance, to warrant, in Eclogue I. 56, the epithet "odorous" as applied to the willow. To translate "*ubi tempus erit*" by "when the hour shall have struck" reminds us of Shakspeare's famous anachronism in "Julius Cæsar," and is as surprising in the work of a scholar as the lengthening of the penultimate in *arbutus*, "Sweet is the shower to the blade, To the newly weaned kid the *arbutus*." As a rule, the translator turns difficult passages very skilfully, but this is not the case with the couplet which concludes the "Pollio":—

"Incipe, parve puer: cui non risere parentes

*Nec deus hunc mensâ, dea nec dignata cubili est*"; that is, the "babe on whom the parent never smiled, no god ever deemed worthy of his board, no goddess of her bed"—in other words, he can never enjoy the rewards of a hero like Hercules; but there is neither sense nor grammar, and something very like a serious grammatical error, in

"Who knows not the smile of a parent,  
Neither the board of a god nor the bed of a goddess is worthy."

But to turn from comparative trifles. No one who reads this version of the Eclogues can doubt that Sir Osborne Morgan has proved his point, that the English hexameter when skilfully used is the measure best adapted for reproducing Virgil's music in English. The following passage is happily turned; let us place the original beside the translation:—

"*Muscosi fontes et somno mollior herba,  
Et quæ vos rarâ viridis tegit arbutus umbrâ,  
Solstitium pecori defendite: jam venit æstas  
Torrida, jam læto turgent in palmite gemmæ.*"

"Moss-grown fountains and sward more soft than the softest of slumbers,  
Arbutus tree that flings over both its flickering shadows,  
Shelter my flock from the sun. Already the summer is on us,  
Summer that scorches up all! See the bud on the glad vine is swelling."

Again:—

"*Serta mihi Phyllis legeret, cantaret Amyntas.  
Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori,  
Hic nemus: hic ipso tecum consumerer ævo.  
Nunc insanus amor duri me Martis in armis  
Tela inter media atque adversos detinet hostes:  
Tu procul a patriâ—nec sit mihi credere tantum!—  
Alpinas, Ah dura, nives et frigora Rheni  
Me sine sola vides.*"

"Phyllis would gather me flowers and Amyntis a melody chant me;  
Cool is the fountain's wave and soft is the meadow,  
Lycoris;  
Shady the grove! Here with thee I would die of old age in the greenwood.  
Mad is the lust of war, that now in the heart of the battle  
Chains me where darts fall fast, and the charge of the foeman is fiercest,  
Far, far away from your home—Oh, would that I might not believe it—  
Lost amid Alpine snows or the frozen desolate Rhineland,  
Lonely without me you wander."

Many other felicitous passages might be quoted; indeed, there is no Eclogue without them; but the translator is not sure-footed, and if he occasionally illustrates the hexameter in its excellence, he illustrates, unhappily too often, some of its worst defects. Two qualities are indispensable to the success of this measure in English. Our language, unlike the classical languages, being accentual and not quantitative, if the long syllable is not represented where the stress naturally falls and the short syllables where it does not

fall, the effect is sometimes grotesque, sometimes distressing, and always unsatisfactory. Nothing for example could be worse in their various ways than the following:—

"Wept when you saw they were given the lad, and had you not managed." "Let not the frozen air harm you." "Scatter the sand with his hind hoofs." "The pliant growth of the osier." "Worthy of Sophocles' sock, trumpet-tongued through the Universe echo." "Own'd it himself, and yet he would not deliver it to me." A very nice ear, too, is required to adjust the collocation of words in which either vowels or consonants predominate, and the relative position of monosyllabic and polysyllabic words, the predominance of the former in our language increasing enormously the difficulty. No measure, moreover, so easily runs into intolerable monotony—a monotony which Clough sought to avoid by overweighting his verses with spondees, and which Longfellow illustrates by the cloying predominance of the dactylic movement. Sir Osborne Morgan tells us that he took Kingsley as his model. Kingsley's hexameters are respectable, but they have no distinction, and he had certainly not a good ear. Longfellow's are far better and are sometimes exquisitely felicitous, as in a couplet like the following, which, with the exception of one word, is flawless:—

"Men whose lives glided on like the rivers that water  
the woodlands,  
Darken'd by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image  
of Heaven."

Probably the best hexameters which have been composed in English are those in which Hawtry translated Iliad III. 234-244, and the parting of Hector and Andromache in the Sixth Iliad, which are indeed models not merely of translation, but of hexametrical structure. There are, however, certain magical effects, particularly in the Virgilian hexameter, produced by an exquisite but audacious tact in the employment of licences, which can never be reproduced in English.

Such would be—

"*Nam neque Parnassi vobis juga, nam neque Pindi  
Ulla moram fecere, neque Aonie Aganippe.  
Illum etiam lauri, etiam flevire myricæ;  
Pinifer illum etiam solâ sub rupe jacentem  
Mænalus et gelidi flevirunt saxa Lycaei.*"

Milton, and Milton alone among Englishmen, had the secret of this music, but he elicited it from another instrument.  
J. CHURTON COLLINS.

#### DR. DONALDSON SMITH'S AFRICAN TRAVELS.

"Through Unknown African Countries." By A. Donaldson Smith, M.D., F.R.G.S. London and New York: Edward Arnold. 1897.

WHEN the twentieth century dawns there will be but few areas of the earth's surface unexplored by civilized man. It is true that there will never be any lack of work for the scientific traveller, since in the oldest known countries there is always something new to discover; but travel and exploration are two different things. The last quarter of a century has seen line after line of light driven through the dark continent, until there are very few areas of any extent through which a white man has not carried the rifle and camera of civilization. It is less than ten years ago since the Austrian explorers, Count Teleki and Lieutenant von Hoehnel, made their way from the East Coast of Africa to the great lakes which form the northern extremity of the Central Africa lake system, and are now known as Lakes Rudolf and Stefanie. Since that time more than one attempt has been made to reach these lakes from the northern coast of Somaliland, and so fill in one of the most conspicuous blanks still remaining on the map of Africa. It was reserved for an American to succeed where others have failed, and no one who reads this modest narrative of one of the most plucky pieces of work in the recent history of African exploration will grudge Dr. Donaldson Smith his success. It was all the more deserved, precisely because the preparations for it were so complete. A preliminary sporting trip in Northern Somaliland in 1893 had accustomed Dr. Smith both to the country and to the people, and when he arrived at



Aden in the summer of 1894 he was able to make his preparations with some degree of confidence that they were on the right lines.

Dr. Donaldson Smith was fortunate in his companions. A young Englishman engaged as taxidermist was his companion throughout the whole journey, and proved himself no less able to stop a rhinoceros in full career than to preserve the birds that fell to the collecting gun. The only other European member of the expedition—Mr. Fred Gillett—was compelled to return home just when the final plunge into the unknown was being made. Dr. Smith's original plan was, after crossing the fairly well-known belt of country that lies at the back of the British Somali coast, to strike in a more or less westerly direction and come down on the lakes from the north. But he had reckoned without his Abyssinians. Not that these interesting native Christians were the only obstacle that barred his way. The Eru river, over which he had hoped to find a way, proved to be impassable with camels, and the caravan was compelled to make its way southwards towards the Webi Shebeli, only to find that river in flood. A crossing was eventually effected, not without some loss of life, and once in the Galla country hope rose high. Soon, however, they came across signs of the Abyssinian raiders and heard piteous stories of the death and desolation brought into the country by Menelek's war parties. The chapters devoted to the visit to Sheikh Husein and to the headquarters of the Abyssinian general, Wal da Gubbra, are full of interest and would in themselves make the fortune of most travellers; but in Dr. Donaldson Smith's case they are but the prelude to the real work of the expedition, the journey to Lake Rudolf. The months spent in trying to secure the consent of the Abyssinians to the expedition continuing the journey as had originally been planned were not, however, wasted. Excursions were made in different directions, and the work of collecting natural-history specimens went on uninterruptedly. Eventually, however, Dr. Donaldson Smith was compelled to retrace his steps to the Shebeli river, and Christmas was spent in Somaliland with the Russian sportsman Prince Boris, of whose presence the natives had brought a report.

Dr. Donaldson Smith's object was now to enter the Galla country at a point so far to the south that he would run no risk of encountering any more Abyssinians. In this he succeeded, but it was nearly six months after recrossing the Shebeli before he reached the shores of Lake Rudolf and could congratulate himself as having accomplished the main object of his journey. During those six months the caravan traversed the territories of many tribes, few of whom had ever before seen a white man. In his intercourse with the natives Dr. Donaldson Smith invariably attempted to establish friendly relations with them, but their ignorance and suspicious character made the task one of increasing difficulty, and at length, in the Boran country, the caravan was attacked by the whole Boran army. It was a critical moment, but fortunately Dr. Donaldson Smith's Somali boys behaved splendidly and a steady rifle fire soon spread dismay among the warriors of King Abofilato, armed only with spear and shield. Only once again—in the Arbore country—did the natives prove really troublesome, and in both cases, after the much-needed lesson of the superiority of the white man's weapons had been taught, the natives were found quite amenable to reason. What they did not seem able to understand was, why Dr. Donaldson Smith should pay for the cattle and food he required when he was strong enough to take them without payment; but there can be no question that this course of conduct will prove of infinite service to the next white man who visits Lake Rudolf from the north. In the Amara country Dr. Donaldson Smith heard from the natives the particulars of the death of the only white man who had preceded him in this part of the country—the Italian explorer, Prince Ruspoli, who was killed by an elephant. From the Amara country Dr. Smith made a flying visit to Lake Abaya, a beautiful sheet of water, the position of which had never before been accurately ascertained. The surrounding country appears to be a veritable sportsman's paradise. Hartebeests, gazelles, rhinos and zebras were present in great

numbers, "indeed the zebras and hartebeests were so numerous that they appeared to form one vast herd several miles long." Lake Stefanie was reached towards the end of May, and its shores completely followed round. Some distance to the north of the lake an interesting tribe of pygmies was discovered—the Dume by name—probably a remnant of the aboriginal inhabitants of the country and akin to the other pygmy races discovered by different travellers in various parts of the African continent.

It was the middle of July—more than a year after leaving Berbera—that the expedition finally reached the Russia country at the north-east end of Lake Rudolf—the Reshiat of Count Teleki and Lieutenant von Hoehnel. The level of the lake was much higher than when the Austrian explorers had visited it, and Dr. Donaldson Smith was able to determine that only one river, the Nianam, flows into the lake from the north. Leaving Mr. Dodson in charge of the caravan, Dr. Smith himself explored the valley of the Nianam river with a picked body of Somali boys, ascending its course for about a hundred miles, and reaching eventually a thickly populated and fertile country from which he was able to get a bird's-eye view of the unknown country lying to the west in the direction of the Nile, and towards the north in the direction of Abyssinia. Soon after his return to Lake Rudolf the return journey began, the route lying through the country of the Rendile, across the Guaso Nyiro to the river Tana, whence Lamu was reached about the end of October.

It is, of course, impossible in this bare outline of Dr. Donaldson Smith's itinerary to give any adequate idea either of the results of the expedition or of the interest of the narrative. Apart from the geographical results of the expedition, Dr. Donaldson Smith has unquestionably rendered most valuable services to many departments of science. The most ample preparation had been made for collecting specimens of the flora and fauna of the unknown countries through which the caravan passed. In a number of appendices to the volume the scientific results of the expedition are summarized by experts, but it will be sufficient to say that a large number of the specimens were new to science, and have gone to enrich our national collection at the British Museum. But, quite apart from its scientific aspect, the story which Dr. Donaldson Smith has to tell teems with interest. For a hundred miles or more inland from the Somali coast the country is regularly shot over by British officers from Aden and India; beyond that to Milmil, or even as far south as the Shebeli river, sportsmen from further afield have had excellent sport; but in the virgin country through which Dr. Smith travelled game is to be found in enormous quantities. Elephants abound, and it cannot be long before efforts are made to tap this new source of ivory supply. The buffalo alone is missing, scarcely a solitary specimen having survived the great plague which is believed to have originated some years ago on the Somali coast, and has since pursued its devastating course through Central Africa to the Cape. With all this wealth of large game there was no lack of adventure, or of meat in the camp; but Dr. Smith is a true sportsman, and was not tempted to indiscriminate slaughter for the sake of making a record bag. He was, indeed, too busy for such folly, for the making of observations and working them out, and the collection of natural-history specimens, when combined with the charge of a large caravan, do not leave too much time for big-game shooting, especially when notes have also to be made, through the imperfect medium of an interpreter, of the language and history of the various tribes encountered on the journey.

One word more must be said on a subject to which Dr. Donaldson Smith devotes a supplemental chapter—the political future of the country. Lakes Rudolf and Stefanie are within the British sphere of influence as defined by agreements between the British and Italian Governments. But the Italian sphere of influence in the Galla and Somali countries covers, roughly speaking, some 350,000 square miles. Can Italy maintain her pretensions to this vast area? Dr. Donaldson Smith clearly thinks not, and he is anxious that the British sphere should be extended up to the southern

boundaries of Abyssinia. Menelek, it is true, claims the whole country as far south as Mombasa; but "a line run from Ime, on the Shebéli river, to a point immediately below Bonga, in Kaffa, will mark the southern limits of any country to which the Emperor Menelek can at present lay claim, either by virtue of peaceful occupation, by treaties with the native chiefs, or by conquest," and to this line Menelek should be confined. It is too big a subject to discuss at the tail end of a review; but the hint is one that should not be thrown away, for there is not likely to be any lack of claimants for this particular section of the African continent.

#### THE GASES OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

"The Gases of the Atmosphere." By William Ramsay, F.R.S. London: Macmillan. 1897.

IT is seldom that the faculty for brilliant exposition is added to the mental equipment of those distinguished by their original investigation. And the unfortunate result is that new discoveries, especially in science, generally become the prey of hack-writing bookmakers. By this little volume Professor Ramsay has rescued argon from Grub Street, and has made a fascinating story of the successive advances in our knowledge of the atmosphere. Few things are more difficult than for one generation to realize the conceptions of earlier generations, and in chemistry—where this century has seen not only an almost inconceivable extension of empirical knowledge, but an entire revolution in the most fundamental conceptions of matter—it is unusually difficult to trace backwards the pedigree of thought. Mr. Ramsay points out the three main errors that misled the older investigators into the nature of the atmosphere. First, they confused one gas with another. Many gases, and all those of the air, are invisible, inodorous and tasteless, appealing only to the sense of touch, and that in the rarest fashion. Indeed the idea that airs had no ordinary substantiality, but were semi-spiritual, semi-material, survived into last century. Next, the nature of combustion was wholly misunderstood, flame itself being regarded as a definite something, akin to air, while heat was considered one of the elementary forms of matter. Lastly, no attention was paid to loss and gain of weight. In a large view of the productiveness of Nature, no experimental debit and credit account was held with her, and chemists were inattentive to what seemed the materializing of new substance out of nothing, the passage of existing substance into nothingness.

Robert Boyle, in the middle of the seventeenth century, was among the first of those who paved the way for modern conceptions. He laid down clearly that ordinary atmospheric air was not a homogeneous substance, but consisted of at least three kinds of "corpuscles." The first "were inelastic vapours and dry exhalations from earth, water, minerals, animals, &c." In these modern chemists would see the dust of the air with its innumerable spores of animal and vegetable organisms and the minute but appreciable quantities of organic effluvia present everywhere. The second were the "magnetic effluvia of the earth with other innumerable particles sent out from the bodies of celestial luminaries." Here, too, modern chemistry would agree that the air contains particles of iron, chiefly of meteoric origin. The third component of the air was the only true elastic constituent, and Boyle, although he compared with this the gases to be obtained from distilling and burning and the action of acids upon saline substances, did not reach the idea that it too was heterogeneous.

It is unnecessary to follow Mr. Ramsay through his account of the successive steps by which Rutherford and Priestley, Cavendish and Lavoisier led up to the condition of our knowledge before the discovery of argon. Probably the two greatest names in the chain of discoverers are those of Cavendish and Lavoisier. The conclusions of the former are the more difficult to follow as they are expressed in terms of the phlogiston theory, and require a complicated inversion before they become intelligible to us. The most curious point made clear by Mr. Ramsay is that

Cavendish by his exact experiments actually discovered that a part of "phlogistocated air" (his term for the nitrogen of the atmosphere) was of a different nature from the rest. He estimated this part as  $\frac{1}{10}$ th of the whole. Although Lavoisier's destruction of the phlogiston theory, and the greatly improved apparatus of modern chemists, made exact experiments and the understanding of their results much simpler, it was not until 100 years later that Lord Rayleigh re-established Cavendish's conclusion; and when he and Professor Ramsay had finally proved Cavendish's residuum to be a new element, it was found that Cavendish had made a marvellously close computation of the truth. Not  $\frac{1}{10}$ th part, but  $\frac{1}{14}$ th part of the "nitrogen" of the air consists of argon.

In trying to follow the recent discussions on the new element general readers found little difficulty in understanding that argon was a new element, differing from all other elements in its weight, in its spectrum, and above all in its apparently complete lack of chemical affinities, of powers of entering into combination with other chemical substances. But many were bewildered by the reiterated assertions of chemists that argon was a homeless vagrant, a castaway among the elements, without a nook in the scheme of nature. When told that there was no place for it in the periodic system of Mendelejeff, they were disinclined to be troubled with the chemists and retorted, "So much the worse for the periodic system!" Professor Ramsay explains the difficulties with a fascinating clearness, and under his guidance the most ignorant of us may for a moment have a peep into that dark underworld in which chemists and physicists grope, at the limits of human senses, seeking after the ultimate secrets of Nature. He explains the fashions in which it is attempted to measure against each other the supposed elementary substances and the difficulties which result from the necessary mingling of observation with theory. For instance, one of the ultimate measuring-rods of elements is the change produced upon them by units of heat. But when comparison between the changes produced on different elements is attempted, theoretical conceptions of the nature of atoms and molecules are involved, and upon these the experts are not agreed. Mendelejeff's periodic system again depends upon the relation of ultimate particles to gravity. The irregularity of argon in the system is not actually an isolated irregularity, but merely is an extreme instance of many irregularities. Professor Ramsay offers the bold speculation—and, as he says, speculations as working hypothesis have played an inevitable part in all science—that gravity, as between the earth and elements, may not be an absolute constant. Argon is widely different from all other elements in its apparent total want of affinity for other elements; is it possible that its relation to gravity may not also be an extreme instance of differences present in other cases but unsuspected because of their minuteness?

#### FICTION.

"Some Whims of Fate." By Méné Muriel Dowie. London: John Lane. 1897.

THERE is a deal of sprightliness in these stories by Méné Murie Dowie—a sprightliness that at times descends (surely it is a descent) to facetiousness. Whatever effect facetiousness may have on the casual reader, who can enjoy what entertains him and dismiss what he dislikes without giving two thoughts to the grounds of his dislike, facetiousness is always something of a stumbling-block to the critic, if only because it is apt to make him read carelessly and slightly, where perhaps he should proceed respectfully and with an unprejudiced mind. For example, the *clou* of the first story in the volume ("Wladislaw's Advent") is admirable; the memorable last scene, for which the rest of the story was written, is concisely and dramatically presented with no overflow of superfluous spirits. Why then should the first thirty pages of the story run on another level? why should the author pun here, turn a somersault there, or aim, from a third corner, a defiant excuse at her readers' heads? She has assumed a violently personal tone in writing; she has chosen to take her story between her



fingers like a plaything to toss about, as every passing fancy suggests, and the game is pleasant enough to watch; only it becomes so much more dignified and interesting when she sets the plaything down for a moment, that one naturally asks whether it would not have been better if the player had been less masterful all along. The personal tone is, in its origin, merely a matter of technique, a method of presentation, one way of conveying the author's conception to the reader. Balzac, at times, works in this fashion; with some sweeping generalization about women he will give the necessary blow to some particular nail that wants driving home. With other writers the personal tone detaches itself and sets up as a separate quality which can score on its own account. Now, off the detached personal tone the author of "Wladislaw's Advent" scores appreciably less than when she is painting straight ahead, in a direct, impersonal manner—as in the representation of Wladislaw's final appearance, or the interview between Aveline and her lover's brother in "The Hint o' Hairst." To take a crucial instance of facetiousness (with the full knowledge that such picking and choosing is as unfair as it is convenient), she writes that her Polish hero hurries "down the street to the studio with the swiftness of a polecat—no sort of joke intended." One might have imagined that only the most hardened employer of facetiae would have allowed such a quip to make its way into print; and yet the ultra-personal is not a radical and inevitable part of M<sup>lle</sup> Muriel Dowie's method, for there is nothing of it in "The Hint o' Hairst." The best piece of work in the volume is "An Idyll in Millinery." There is verve enough here; nor is pleasantry absent, indeed it is more present than in "Wladislaw's Advent," where it comes and goes. The author's pleasantry entirely controls the presentation of the "Idyll," but unobtrusively, from behind. The pleasantry is always there; it is never revealed. Lord Liphook's love affair has appeared to the artist in a satirical light, and in its pathetic futility the affair is eminently suited to a satirical treatment; indeed it is difficult to see how else Lord Liphook and his passion could have been handled.

"Sister Jane." By Joel Chandler Harris (Uncle Remus). Westminster: Archibald Constable & Co. 1897.

This is a sad fall after "Brer Rabbit and his Friends": even after the story of the "Black Stallion" it is a come-down. Perhaps it is unfair to compare the books: their style is widely different. "Sister Jane" is "mainly about people," and has very little of the magic touch that comes to its author when he writes of animals. The people certainly have some good points and are fairly amusing—more especially Mrs. Roby and Sally Beshears. But the story takes no very strong hold on one, and though from a new author it would be welcomed for its promise, it is not all that we have been taught to expect from "Uncle Remus."

"Cynthia: a Daughter of the Philistines." By Leonard Merrick. London: Chatto & Windus. 1897.

The principal situation in this capital sketch of a genius bound to a suburban young lady of excellent *morale* has been anticipated by Mr. George Gissing in "New Grub Street." In fact, the whole book might have been written by Mr. Gissing if there were less humour, less optimism, and a stronger touch all through. The happy phrases and brilliant ideas scattered about ought to make a name for the author; there is no reason why he should not go on and prosper and score a very decided success. He has humour, a sense of style, and, while brimming over with things to say, he is neither diffuse nor ponderous. We have nothing but praise for most things in the book. It is perhaps a pity that what is made a climax, and forced into the position of the real tendency and aim of all that came before, should be the mere episode of the hero's infidelity to his wife and her unexpected reception of it. What is more to the point is her gradual awakening to some perception of her husband's literary ideals. The glow of gratitude he feels when she adds a word like "falsomely" to her vocabulary, or masters

the name of his publisher, is one of the natural touches in which the story abounds. We have all met Cynthia; but seldom has she been so delicately handled in print. The "ghost" episode, where the unsuccessful novelist is glad to find a market for his work under the name of a popular, third-rate celebrity, is dealt with so bitterly that it suggests a grievance on the part of Mr. Leonard Merrick. We do not find it convincing, or even probable; always assuming the novelist's own work to have been of the excellence ascribed to it by the author. The publishers and editors who persistently reject first-rate work have, so far, never come within our ken.

"The Idol-Maker" (Hutchinson & Co.), by Adeline Sergeant, is better than the last two books by the same hand, and shows less sign of having been turned out "to order" within a given time. The main idea is original, the plot is ingenious, and the whole thing pleasantly written. "An English Wife" (Digby, Long & Co.), by Bertha Miniken, is a Sunday school treatise, stretching over four hundred pages of villanously small print. The tone of the poor book is so kindly that it appeals to our better feelings; which, however, are again stifled by the terrible mangling of the quotations used as chapter headings. The Kingsley one, given as "Rise, gentle maid, don't seek to be too clever," with two of the remaining three lines also hopelessly wrong, is merely ludicrous. But when it comes to halting verses by the author, signed "The Princess, Tennyson," doubtless in all good faith, it is embittering to us, quenching our sense of the pathetically ingenuous. "God's Failures" (John Lane), by J. S. Fletcher, is a fairly readable collection of tales, somewhat laboriously pessimistic. "Weighed in the Balance" (John Lane), by Harry Lander, begins well, but grows astonishingly feeble when lovemaking is introduced: the runaway wife is an absolutely incoherent conception. "The Yoke of Steel" (Hurst & Blackett), by C. J. Wills and Godfrey Burchett, is commonplace but rather pretty, and treats of a conjugal misunderstanding, a dangerous cousin, and the familiar innocent, but indiscreet, young wife who pays visits to bachelors' rooms with the most blameless intentions. All ends well, except for the cousin.

"Lady Jean's Son" (Jarrold & Sons), by Sarah Tytler, is very bright: it is quite as good as "Lady Jean's Vagaries," which some of us remember as an unusually entertaining novel. "A Stormy Past" (Digby, Long & Co.), by May St. Claire, is described by its publishers as "exceptionally pure." The commendation shall stand; for, do what we will, we can think of no other. "The Little Colonel" (Jarrold & Sons), by Annie Fellows-Johnston, is a "true story" of an average nice child. Why do the joint-illustrators represent the infant as wearing a military cocked-hat at moments when the author describes the "battered sun-bonnet hanging down her back"? "The Haunted Looking-Glass" (Digby, Long & Co.), by Gratiana Darrell, is a far-fetched but not unreadable ghost-story. "Doctor Forenti" (Digby, Long & Co.), by Henry Grimshawe, describes the absurd machinations of an absurd villain in a manner intended to be blood-curdling.

#### CLASSICAL BOOKS.

"Sophocles." The Seven Plays in English Verse. By Lewis Campbell, M.A., LL.D. New Edition, revised. London: Murray. 1897.

"Modern Greek Mastery." A Short Road to Ancient Greek. By T. L. Stedman, A.M., M.D. New York: Harper. 1897.

IT is more than twenty years since Professor Campbell issued his metrical translation of six of the seven Sophoclean plays, and the second edition, which included the seventh play, was published in 1883. As no better version has appeared in the interval, we are glad to welcome the revised and greatly improved text to which he has given his final sanction. To say that it is an adequate rendering of the original would be to pay a compliment which so fastidious a scholar as Professor Campbell would despise. Its merits and its limitations are equally obvious. Correct and fluent it is throughout; occasionally it is dignified and spirited; and it never sinks to the bathos sounded by some translators who have experienced more frequent moments of transitory inspiration. To sum up its qualities: it is a trustworthy guide to the beginner in Greek, a suggestive aid to the fairly advanced student, and barely

readable as English verse to those who are unacquainted with the language of the original. There is no particular reason why it should not be displaced, but, as a fact, it holds the field as the best combination of Sophoclean scholarship with poetical form and feeling. In comparing the new edition with the one of 1883 we find that Professor Campbell has made a number of small alterations, none of them for the worse, in the body of his work, but those which we have detected are not important enough to call for detailed mention. It is in the choral parts that the novelty is introduced. What he has aimed at, he tells us, is to obtain a "more regular correspondence of strophe and antistrophe." What he has done may be explained most easily by an illustration. Let us take the famous ode in the "Antigone" ("Ἔπος ἀνίκτου μάχης κ.τ.λ."), of which the earlier version ran as follows:—

"Victorious combatant, spoiler of wealth,

Love, that in ambush of soft youthful cheek  
Keep'st night-watch—over ocean thou dost rove  
And where lone cabins harbour thee. No power  
Of God or perishing man avoids thy spell,  
And whoso finds thee raves.

Thou drawest awry

Just minds to wrong and ruin. Thou has roused  
This turmoil between men of kindred blood!  
Such influence radiates from the sovereign eye  
Of fair betrothed bride, that strong desire  
Corrivals the supreme authority  
Of great Commandment. With resistless charm  
Great Aphrodite mocks the might of men.

Ah! now myself am carried past the bound

Of law, nor can I stay the rising tear,

When I behold Antigone even here

Touching the quiet bourne where all may rest."

This kind of thing may have done very well for the 'Seventies and the 'Eighties, but at the end of the century we flatter ourselves that, if we are no nearer to the Greek spirit, we do at least understand the forms. This is how Professor Campbell brings his version up to lyrical date:—

"Strophe.

Love, never foiled in fight!

Warrior Love, that on Wealth workest havoc!

Love, who in ambush of young maid's soft cheek

All night keep'st watch! Thou roamest over seas;

In lonely forest homes thou harbour'st.

Who may avoid thee? None!

Mortal, Immortal,

All are o'erthrown by thee, all feel thy frenzy.

Antistrophe.

Lightly thou draw'st awry

Righteous minds into wrong to their ruin.

Thou this unkindly quarrel hast inflamed

'Tween kindred men.—Triumphantly prevails

The heart-compelling eye of winsome bride,

Compeer of mighty Law.

Throned, commanding,

Madly thou mockest men, dread Aphrodite.

Leader of Chorus.

Ah! now myself am carried past the bound

Of law, nor can I check the rising tear,

When I behold Antigone even here,

Touching the quiet bourne where all must rest."

There can be no doubt that the latter is the worthier version—nearer to the Greek and more intelligible. But it does not solve the great problem in the translation of choral passages—how to bring out the connexion of ideas or, at least, to disguise the abruptness of the transition. That, we admit, is a hard thing to ask. But Professor Campbell has spent so much pains over the reconstruction of the choral passages—the above quotation from the "Antigone" is but a fair sample of his labours throughout the seven Plays—that we regret he has not got rid of some of the clumsy phrases that disfigured the original version.

The measure of Dr. T. L. Stedman's judgment may be taken from the opinion, expressed in the Preface to his "Modern Greek Mastery," that this language might be made the accepted medium of international communication. It is true that he can cite Voltaire and Blackie as promoters of the suggestion. But that is about all that can be said for it. He stands on firmer ground, however, when he argues that, modern Greek, according to Geldart's happy exaggeration, being "simply ancient Greek made easy," the quickest way to acquire a working knowledge of the dead language is to get a colloquial familiarity with the living one. The connexion is far closer than between Latin and Italian, though not, we think, so close as that between the English of Chaucer and that of (say) the "Saturday Review." Certainly it gives a decent scholar very little trouble to read an Athenian newspaper, nor have we much doubt that any reasonably intelligent subject of King George could easily learn to read Thucydides or Aristophanes. It is curious, however, and must be borne in mind, that very few of the alleged descendants of the ancient Greeks have taken a respectable position in classical scholarship. The facility of acquirement has, perhaps, led to the

shallowness of attainment. Dr. Stedman, of course, rails against the "scholastic teaching" of Latin and Greek. It is, he says, a "waste of time and energy" and a "hindrance to sound learning." We should agree with him if he had confined himself to saying that pupils who had learned their Greek backwards might without much difficulty master the substance of all the ancient texts from which information or doctrine is to be derived—the treatises of the philosophers, historians and divines. But they would reach the same practical result if they studied them in translations. They would appreciate everything which does not depend for its value upon style. Homer, perhaps, they might understand in a dim sort of way, but Sophocles would be something worse than a closed book—a book misunderstood. With these reservations (and with their logical deductions) we are willing to admit that Dr. Stedman's system, which, by the way, is no invention of his own, may have some kind of utility, and we concur in his statement that "knowledge of a language comes from the mastery of idioms by ear and tongue and eye, and does not consist in its cognition by the latter alone." But there is another factor—the mind—which he has left out of account. This he does advisedly. The Conversation Exercises with which his manual opens are, he says, simply to be read aloud several times, not translated into English. "As soon as the meaning of a new word has been grasped—necessarily, at first, through the English—the word itself should be associated mentally with its meaning without thought of its English equivalent." That process is, we venture to say, impossible except in the case of a child who has not learned English. It is like a judge telling the jury, when an adroit advocate has slipped in a statement which is not evidence, that they must dismiss it from their minds. Such advice no sensible jurymen ever did or could follow. Nor do we quite understand what Dr. Stedman is aiming at when he scouts the "drudgery of grammatical forms." In the same paragraph he admits that "an acquaintance with the inflections is necessary to a proper comprehension of the spoken and written language." So the inflections have to be learned after all, and it is the syntax only that should be deferred. Well, but that is exactly what is done in the scholastic system which our author comes to explode. Let us, however, bear testimony to the practical merits of his manual. There is no doubt that an intelligent person who worked through these Exercises would at the end have gained a fair knowledge of modern Greek.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

MR. VINCENT O'SULLIVAN in "A Book of Bargains" (Smithers) shows himself a man of good intentions and a certain perseverance, but of small artistic sense. Indeed, his intentions are too good, for so bent is he on astonishing his readers that he is continually overstepping the mark; and where, according to his expectations, the fearful hair should be rising from our head, we find ourselves leaning back in our chair with a "La, Mr. Vincent: you don't say so!" The explanation of his error is to be found in the Philistine, the bourgeois, view which Mr. O'Sullivan takes of the subjects for treatment in literature. The superior author looks upon Jones being sick or Jones lighting a cigarette with the same eyes; he will use either incident if it is to his purpose. To Philistine eyes the actions are radically differentiated, and so with eager good intentions Mr. O'Sullivan fills his book with Jones sick. He is still in the stage of the child who bursts into the drawing-room after a walk with his nurse to tell his mother that he has seen a big dog with a gold collar sitting up in a carriage. Mr. O'Sullivan runs up to us, red-cheeked and breathless: "I say, there was quite a nice good-natured young man called Alphonse who could not help wanting to murder a little child he was very fond of and he did and then he went off to a 'chymist's' shop—that's another way of spelling 'chemist' you know." Humanly and maternally speaking, we lend an attentive and serious ear to this astonishing prattle; but coldly and critically, we must confess that we prefer something stronger.

Of all the words which reviewers use, none runs more easily from the lips than "slight." It may now and again suggest no blame, but generally it is meant to describe some quality which the author presumably did not intend, or which, at all events, the reviewer does not like. But the word may mean so many various things that it is of little use without a commentary. It has no necessary connexion with brevity of treatment, nor, if the epithet were applied to Mr. Charles L. Marson's "Turnpike Tales" (Elkin Mathews) would it mean that they dealt with incidents which would appear unimportant to the common mind. The new birth of a brilliant and ambitious bishop, and the opposition between a worldly solicitor and his rebellious son, are no trivial subjects, and yet Mr. Marson's treatment of them strikes us as "slight." His stories are rather the work of a man who is not quite in earnest, not wholly immersed in the possibilities of his situations, because (though this explanation of slightness sounds oddly enough) he is at bottom a moralist, and a moralist who will not permit his morality to come out violent and obvious. Mr. Marson does not bring the rich and narrow-minded worldling to the scaffold; indeed, he allows



him to flourish in peace (that is half the satire); but still he is the bad man, and therefore, not worthy of interested study, he may be described lightly, facetiously. Neither does Mr. Marson marry Tender-heart to the king's daughter; but still he is the good man, and, as such, is presumably to be looked upon as a bit of a fool (that also is satire), and may therefore be dismissed with a little show of contempt. This is, no doubt, an exaggeration; but something of the interfering morality is certainly a characteristic of "Turnpike Tales," a morality which is neither violent towards meanness nor frankly worshipful before nobility. It is at the same time a solid hindrance to the passionate interest which can no longer halt to say what is good and what is bad, and the source of a certain kind of humour, a certain kind of satire. But even those who are aggravated by this humour will find entertainment in Mr. Marson's tales, and the account of the bachelor uncle and his little niece is especially full of charming things. "Love in a Mist," which tells of a boy-and-girl attachment followed by a lengthy period of separation, during which the boy stands still, and a meeting when the girl has moved beyond his range, is one of those short stories which fall between two stools. Either it should have been much longer and fuller or else the author should have chosen one scene that would have suggested the rest, and have done this one scene at length with all the attraction and beauty of circumstance that go to make a vivid picture. The short psychological study should, in fact, be static rather than dynamic; and as it stands, "Love in a Mist" is little more than an outline, and an outline is seldom striking even if it is not commonplace.

We should bring just the same charge against "The Kaffir Circus" (Jarrod). If Miss Donovan could have seen her way to the choice of one scene for full, circumstantial and separate treatment, she might have compressed her long tragedy into a few pages. That is the true compression of the short-story teller; and the word is apt to be misleading, for it should mean the expansion of one incident, not the clipping short of many. The reader is bound to forget the course of the tragedy which Miss Donovan has outlined; but he will remember the arrival of the simple country rector and his wife at their married daughter's house long after the previous and subsequent history has faded from his memory, for want of the circumstantial and impressive treatment. The other two tales in the volume suffer somewhat in the same manner, though they are less ambitious, and "Mrs. Smith" is decidedly suggestive.

## THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

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